

1879
copy

THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE

THE OLDEST ILLUSTRATED

WEEKLY. ESTABLISHED 1846

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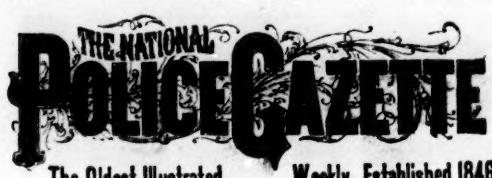
Vol. XXXIII.—No. 75.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 1, 1879.

Price Ten Cents.



MISS DUCKIE WHITE, A GENTLE AMAZON, OF WASHINGTON, D. C., BEING FOLLOWED INTO A CIGAR STORE BY A BRACE OF METROPOLITAN POLICE MEN, WITH INTENT TO EFFECT HER ARREST, SETTLES THE MATTER BY WALTZING THE HEROIC KNIGHTS OF THE LOCUST OUT OF THE ESTABLISHMENT BY THEIR EARS, AND REQUIRES A GENERAL ALARM FOR HER CAPTURE.—SEE PAGE 7.



The Oldest Illustrated Weekly, Established 1846

RICHARD K. FOX, Proprietor.

Office : 2, 4 & 6 Beale Street, N. Y.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING

SATURDAY, MARCH 1, 1879.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We earnestly solicit sketches, portraits of noted criminals and items of interesting events from all parts of the United States. Reports of events that create an excitement in their immediate localities, and more particularly photographs of parties who have made themselves notorious therein, if sent at once, will be liberally paid for. Articles of a personal nature cannot be inserted unless authenticated. Rejected MSS. will not be returned.

J. C. J., Bethany, O.—Item crowded out.

D. C. B., Camp Thomas, A. T.—Article held over.

S. W. G., Rockport, Ind.—Items already published.

J. H., Clarksville, Mo.—Article too far behind date.

D. B. W., Lexington, Ky.—Item published elsewhere.

G. R. S., Chillicothe, Mo.—Article crowded out this week.

O. M. P., Hopkinsville, Ky.—Article will appear in our next; thanks.

A. J., New Orleans.—Have no position of the kind open, or likely to be.

T. A. B., San Francisco, Cal.—Thanks for attention; will appear in our next.

CORRESPONDENT, Huntsville, Ala.—Item published elsewhere; previously received.

CORRESPONDENT, Kansas City, Mo.—Item published elsewhere; not worth illustrating.

REF, Waco, Tex.—Could not make use of the photo, as it does not illustrate the occurrence at all.

DICK, Evanston, W. T.—Accidents are rarely published by us unless of special interest, as this is not.

R. M., New York City.—Will take your suggestions deeply to heart. Thanks for the interest shown.

G. W. S., Kansas City, Mo.—Have employed sketch in connection with another in illustrating the matter.

R. J. L., San Francisco, Cal.—Will communicate with you by mail in regard to the matter, at an early date.

W. M. B., Raleigh, N. C.—Paper will be sent. Cannot set price on the matter before knowing more about it.

J. J. D., Utica, Neb.—Item not of sufficient interest; such matters are a little too common in this vicinity to be so.

V. M. G., Kingston, N. Y.—Cannot fix the price without knowing more about them. Circumstances determine the value to us.

READER, Waco, Texas.—You will find the matter noted in our preceding issue. Send photo if possible; thanks for the attention.

A. J. H., Beebe, Ark.—Thanks for attention, but as the matter was late and scarcely of more than local interest, we could not use it.

A. B. S., San Jose, Cal.—Thanks for the attention. The items, however, are of local interest solely. Send us something of general interest.

T. A. B., Alexandria, Va.—The occurrence will be fully illustrated in our next. Please notify newsdealers in your vicinity and others interested, to that effect.

J. M. E., Kansas City, Mo.—Sketches satisfactory for our purpose, as we wish merely outline drawings, correct as to localities and principal features of occurrences.

CORRESPONDENT, Dayton, O.—Matter appears with illustration and portrait. Send others if you can obtain them within a reasonable time, before the interest of the affair dies out.

H. D. G., Lewes, Del.—We are unable to inform you; think it likely you would be answered by writing to the editor of the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, in which paper the matter first appeared.

G. H. R., Deep River, Conn.—Had no space for matter this week. Glad to hear from you, but should prefer something more sensational than the death of a horse next time, however.

A. C. M., Atlanta, Ga.—Matter of date of February 18th too late for this issue. May use it in our next. Will notify you by mail if we do. Do not think the previous portrait sent of sufficient general interest for publication in our columns.

F. S. F., Huntsville, Ala.—We publish neither of the items, not considering them of sufficient interest, and therefore cannot forward the desired sum, modest though it is. Anything we deem worthy of publication, will however, be accepted.

READER, Dalton, Ga.—The matter will appear fully illustrated in our next issue. Please advise your newsdealers and others interested of that fact. Can you not meanwhile send us names of all the parties, and portraits of those concerned, as well as local newspaper notice of the affair.

E. J. S., New Pittsburg, Kansas.—The idea is not a bad one, but we had not space to illustrate it this week. We receive abundance of good matter every week which, as there is a limit to our capacity, we are unable to use. Thanks for the attention, however, and hope you will try us again.

ROBINSON, Chico, Cal.—Article with illustration in capital style will appear in our next. Please advise your newsdealers and others interested to that effect. Thanks; let us hear from you again. Will send copy of the paper desired, presuming, as you do not state definitely, that any number with in the time named will answer.

W. N. S., Steelmanville, N. J.—We go to press on Friday morning. Can accept no matter for forthcoming issue after Thursday; we do not pay for clippings; there is no rule we could give as to securing such; what we wish is mere outline sketches, correct as to details and surroundings; article sent received through our exchanges.

REORGANIZING THE DETECTIVE FORCE.

Senator Murphy has introduced a bill in the State Senate, providing for the reorganization of the detective force of this city, and the establishment of that branch of the police service on an independent footing. The idea is an excellent one and has repeatedly been advocated in our columns. There is no doubt whatever but that making the detective service distinct from that of the regular force would greatly promote its efficiency. This has been fully proved by the experience of the Parisian detective force, beyond comparison the most efficient the world has ever known, and by that of other European cities. Persons in this country who are best fitted to render a judgment upon the subject will be found almost uniformly to favor such a move, and those whose duties or other circumstances have brought them into a close acquaintance of the workings of the present system will quite as generally testify that the efficiency of the force is seriously hampered by the existing arrangement.

A commendable feature of the bill is the provision that men shall be detailed from the police force for detective service, according to the fitness displayed for such duty, a provision which, if carried out, will virtually provide a careful training school for detectives, which must necessarily enhance the effectiveness of the department; that officers who have served five years as detectives, shall have the same rank and pay and be vested with the same authority and legal powers as sergeants on the police force; and that expenses incurred by detectives in searching for and arresting criminals and suspected persons, shall be paid out of the public money. The latter is merely a matter of the commonest justice, as well as of common sense, and should never have required such provision. The public cannot reasonably expect an officer to pay expenses incurred in its service, nor can the interests of the latter reasonably be expected to be forwarded by a policy which renders an officer's activity in hunting down criminals only a means of decreasing his income.

The Police Commissioners are authorized to designate one of the present Police Captains to serve as Chief of this bureau, and just here we wish to say, in advance of the bill going into effect, as there is a strong probability it will, that the obvious selection for the position, if eminent fitness be the consideration, is the present head, whose long and able service in the department won for him, not long since, his well-deserved promotion to his present rank, Captain James Kealy. There can be no Captain on the force who can be so familiar with the duties of the position as he, and none whose selection over Captain Kealy could be expected to increase the effectiveness of the service. In its own interest, therefore, the public should insist that no injudicious experiments be tried in so important a matter, and that the present tried and trustworthy head of the department shall remain as such.

AN HUMBLE HERO.

The position of driver on a city horse-car is not one that is accorded a very high place, from any point of view, in the general estimation. Certainly it is not one to be envied by any one, unless it be some unfortunate whom the most pressing need might impel to accept it as a compromise with starvation. Most assuredly we should never look towards it as a school for the development of heroism or any of the higher qualities and graces of human nature. One would rather suppose that its training would be of a downward tendency, and that even a man of more than average good impulse and kindly feeling towards his race would have it all ground out of him in a comparatively short experience in the ranks of the worst-paid, hardest-worked and generally worst-used class of men who realize literally the primal curse, outside of actual slavery of the most wretched type, on the face of the earth.

Nevertheless, a member of this much-abused fraternity, Henry Quinn by name, recently gave, in this city, an exhibition of heroism of as sterling and admirable a quality as was ever manifested on the quarter deck of a man-of-war, or in the charging line of an army under fire. Quinn's station was on the front platform of an Avenue A car, where he stood and "took it," with all that the term implies, whether in the shape of the weather, the abuse of brute teamsters or inconsiderate passengers or the many other incidents of a driver's daily routine, eighteen hours out of the twenty-four, meals included.

On the evening of the 17th, as Quinn stood at his post on his car, nearing Eighth street, a runaway team from another car came dashing towards him at terrific speed. Quinn saw that a collision was inevitable. The frightened passengers saw it also and made frenzied efforts to escape. Quinn, on the front platform, could easily have escaped all risk of life and limb, and certainly the company did not pay him for taking any, but it is pretty certain that if he had some of his passengers would have had their lives sacrificed by what the world would have called his cowardice.

Fortunately for them, Driver Quinn was the stuff of which heroes are made, and, with no selfish thought of what he was risking and small thanks

for it, obedient only to the instinct of duty peculiar to a brave man, he stood undauntedly at his post as the runaways dashed frantically at his car, pulled his own team aside and resolutely held them towards the sidewalk until the frenzied beasts crashed upon him and he fell, senseless, bleeding, probably fatally injured, but with his duty performed to the fullest, and the human lives which, in no limited sense, were committed to his care, saved from the danger which had been so imminent. Is this humble but genuine hero, we would ask, to receive no recognition of his bravery—no compensation for his services and the injuries so unselfishly incurred? Or has appreciation of heroism died out in the community, or is it hedged by class distinctions?

OUR DRAMATIC DEPARTMENT.

We take pleasure in calling the attention of our readers to our dramatic department, which is inaugurated, as a new feature of the GAZETTE, in the current issue. We feel assured that it will be an acceptable one. The department will be under the direction of an able journalist and clever dramatic author and critic, and, in reliability, varied and valuable information on all topics pertaining to it, and in general entertaining character, it will be inferior to that of no other journal in this country. Its scope and purpose were more fully set forth in our issue of last week, in our article on the subject of GAZETTE improvements, in this column. We have only to add that the initial installment in this issue is but an earnest of what we propose in the direction taken, and that it will be enlarged and improved upon and its attractiveness greatly increased in a variety of ways in forthcoming numbers.

A Washington Amazon on a Rampage.

[With Illustration and Portrait.]
[Special Correspondence of POLICE GAZETTE.]
WASHINGTON, D. C., February 15.—Among the leading lights of the Washington demimonde are a brace of bleached blondes who are known as Lizzie Snow, and Duschka, alias "Duckie" White. They are both on the shady side of forty-five, and one would suppose that ere this they would have somewhat sobered their thoughts, but a recent unpleasantness between these rather antique belles shows that they are as gay and frivolous as young girls of sixteen. A few days since some one reported to "Duckie" White that Madame Show had referred to her as a bleached blonde. "Duckie" became furious at the asperion, and arming herself with a half-dozen champagne bottles, she crossed the street to her slanderer's residence and deliberately threw the bottles through Snow's front windows, crushing the thick plate glass, and scattering the fragments upon the rich Brussels carpets of the parlor. "Duckie" then passed over Pennsylvania avenue, and entered a cigar shop hard by. In the meantime Madame Snow had enlisted the services of a brace of metropolitan policemen, for the purpose of apprehending the offender. The "cops" entered the cigar shop and told "Duckie" to consider herself a prisoner. "You infamous whelp," was her laconic and uncomplimentary response, and, taking the policemen by their ears, she marched them out into the street, and berated them roundly for having dared attempt her arrest. It was not until a general alarm was given, that a force sufficiently strong could be mustered to subdue the irate "Duckie," who was at last marched off to the police station, there to ruminate upon her folly until the next morning, when she was granted an interview with Judge Snell. "Duckie" hails from a back-woods county in Kentucky, where women partake of the beligerency so characteristic of the male inhabitants, but her recent experience in our police court has doubtless taught her that the peculiarities of the social construction of her native district cannot be safely engraffed upon the National Capital.

Now that Congress is about to adjourn, the soiled doves mourn and refuse to be comforted, because when the Solons leave, visions of quail and champagne will vanish, and, in lieu of luxuries, the habitues of the "Division" will have to regale themselves on lager and Bologna sausages. Before closing I must not neglect to tell you of the latest Washington scandal.

A southern Congressman, eminent as a lawyer in his native state, the husband of a refined and educated wife, and the father of an interesting family of daughters, has become so enamored of one of Madame Snow's "blondes" that he has entirely cast off his family and taken up his abode at the Madame's mansion, on Thirteenth street. He appears with the depraved girl in an open carriage on the streets, decks her out in diamonds, and the costliest silks, and seems entirely lost to all sense of decency and regard for those who naturally have claims upon him. It is a notorious fact that men high in office at the Capital of the Nation have been poisoned, two of them, recently, fatally, by drinking the villainous wine sold in the "Division"; indeed, an analysis of some of the stuff called "champagne," which the "Division landladies" sell for "Mumm's Best," has been found to be a poor article of cider, doctored up with sugar of lead and other poisonous drugs.

Stevens, the Wife Slayer.

[With Portrait.]
The cruel murder of his girl wife by Peter E. Stevens, in Chicago, on June 30th, last, was a barbarous and cowardly crime, which shocked the community as few murders do in this homicidal era, and in Chicago attracted more general attention and has lingered longer and more deeply in the public memory than any case of the kind in a long time.

The victim was an exceedingly beautiful girl, still in her teens. Stevens was very jealous of her, and accused her of intimacy with other men. His ill-

usage of her compelled her to leave him, and thereafter he dogged her constantly. On Sunday evening, June 30th he met her on the street, near her home, in company with a female companion, and, after a few words, shot her down, in sight of her mother, who stood at the gate of her residence. He was arrested by Officers Rae and McMahon, and at his examination plead not guilty. His trial comes off at the next term of court. His portrait is given elsewhere.

A Murderous Burglar.

[With Portrait.]

In Chicago, at two o'clock on the morning of the 15th, Officer Fred. Howe, while on his beat, discovered three men in the act of trying to open a window of the residence of Mr. Edward Smith, on Fulton street, with a case knife. As soon as the burglars caught sight of the officer two of them took to their heels while the third, who proved to be a young ruffian named John Mehan, alias "Meeneey the Kid," drew his revolver to shoot the officer. The latter, however, caught hold of the weapon and, after a struggle, succeeded in taking it from him and broke the handle over the burglar's head. Mehan was taken to the Madison Street Station where he was locked up, and on the 18th had a hearing before Justice Morrison on the charges of attempted burglary and intent to kill. He plead not guilty, and refused to give the names of his accomplices. The court-room was crowded, as the case excited considerable interest. The "Kid" presented a ghastly appearance when brought into court, his head being bandaged and his clothing covered with blood. He was very pale and weak from loss of blood. The officer testified to the facts as stated above, and the Justice held him in \$1,000 on each charge, after which he was returned to his cell. Mehan is a notorious criminal, though but twenty-two years of age. He began his career of crime at the age of fifteen, when he engaged in picking pockets. In 1874, when still but a boy, he shot and killed one James Connelly, alias "Buffalo Mike," a fellow thief, in an altercation. Mehan was tried and convicted of the crime and served fourteen months in Joliet Prison for it. Since then he has been imprisoned numerous times. Numerous congratulatory letters were forwarded to Captain Hood, commanding the precinct, by citizens living in the vicinity of the affair noted, in reference to the courageous conduct and lucky escape of Officer Howe, who is very popular. A portrait of the murderous burglar appears on another page.

Favorites of the Footlights.

[With Portraits.]

The additions to our portrait gallery this week are handsome likenesses of two well known and popular ladies, namely, Misses Venie Clancey and Leo Le Brun. Miss Clancey is a Boston lady, and has for some time been identified with the noted Rice's "Evangeline" troupe. She has won a strong place in the favor of New York theatre-goers, and made an impression that will not soon be forgotten, in the character of *Josephine*, during the recent presentation of the hit of the period, "Pinafore," by the Rice troupe, at the Lyceum Theatre, in this city. With marked beauty of a bright, vivacious style, a sprightly, quick-witted and intelligent actress, possessing a light and decided captivating soprano voice, she afforded all the qualities requisite to make a hit in the part, and it is not surprising that she made it. During her impersonation of the character at the Lyceum she introduced several capital new songs in it, the most taking of which was, "My Jack is Every Inch a Sailor." Her portrait represents her in this character. Miss Clancey went with the troupe from this city to Brooklyn, and is now with it "on the road," everywhere achieving, and likely to achieve, as marked success as she did in the metropolis.

Miss Leo Le Brun, formerly connected with the Broadway Theatre, in this city, is a pretty and sprightly serio-comic artist of deserved celebrity in her line of business. The faithfulness of the portrait presented of her, in one of her most charming and popular characters, will be immediately recognized by her legion of admirers.

A Girl's Mysterious Disappearance.

Stanstead, P. Q., is in a state of intense excitement over the mysterious absence of a beautiful girl of fifteen summers, the daughter of Pierre La Pete, a wealthy and respectable French-Canadian farmer living almost on the border line. A man giving the name of French, claiming to hail from the States, and said to have a wife and three children, has been visiting at Myron Haskell's a month past, and Eugenie has been in the habit of passing much of her time there in company with her school teacher. French has also disappeared, and the evidence of people living in the outskirts of town leads to the belief that he and the girl were driven to the railway at Island Pond, Saturday night, the 15th, by Haskell. Haskell and his wife have been arrested on suspicion of being accessories to an abduction, and the school teacher has also been taken into custody. Her photographs had been quietly gathered up before the flight, so as to baffle detection. Intense anger prevails against French and the accessories to the abduction, which, if an abduction, was doubtless for the basest purpose.

"Jimmy" Hope's Son.

[With Portrait.]

In our last issue, we published the particulars of the arrest of John Hope, son of "Jimmy" Hope, the most notorious, expert and audacious bank robber in the country, and of the circumstances developed by Inspectors Dilks and Murray, and Captain Byrnes, which tended to strongly implicate him as being a party, in conjunction with his famous sire and others, in the gigantic \$300,000 robbery of the Manhattan Savings Institution. We give, on another page of this issue, an authentic portrait of this promising son of his father.

ATLANTA, Ga., February 18.—A negro named Daniels and another named Lattemer, had a desperate fight with knives near this city, last night. Daniels was terribly cut, receiving a dozen gashes. He will die.

PATTON'S PICKLE.

How a Dayton ex-Sheriff and Pious Presbyterian Deacon Got on One Horn of a Dilemma

AS AN ALLEGED DEBAUCHER,

And How he Received Such a Shaking Up That his Religious, Political and Social Status in Dayton

IS DEFINITELY SETTLED--WRONG SIDE UP

[With Illustration and Portrait.]

[Special Correspondence of POLICE GAZETTE.]

DAYTON, Ohio, February 15.—This beautiful city, nestled as it is among surrounding bluffs, from the tops of which can be seen half a hundred magnificent churches, with their spires pointing heavenward, suggesting a happy, prosperous, and Christian people, and, winding around the city, the beautiful and historic Miami, slowly and grandly gliding along by a landscape, as magnificent and generous in its productions as the Valley of the Rhine, is again torn to pieces, as it were, by a great moral earthquake that has been sufficient in its character to shock the public sense of morality and decency, and to cause a universal feeling of sorrow, disgust and indignation to take possession of and startle an otherwise quiet,

CONSERVATIVE AND RELIGIOUS COMMUNITY.

This unheaviness of the social waters arises out of the arrest of Jennie Eichelberger, a procress, and keeper of an assignation house in the city, "for the procuring of a little girl, Susie Horn, then but little more than thirteen years of age, for the purpose of prostitution," and a civil action, following immediately after, commenced by the mother of the girl, a highly respected widow lady of this city, against William Patton, an ex-Sheriff of this county and an active politician, for \$10,000 damages for the seduction and debauchery of her daughter.

Now a word as to the personnel of the parties involved. William Patton is now aged fifty-four, and is the father of quite a family of grown children. He was formerly quite prominent in politics, holding the rich office of Sheriff of this (Montgomery) county for four years, but in the last three years he has grown very unpopular, although he has made desperate efforts, spending time and money in courting all kinds of influences to secure other positions, but has lost his grip, and is now recognized as a mere camp follower among a gang of hungry politicians infesting this county.

Prominent among the several causes of his downfall is the fact that while in office he had such a grasping disposition as to cause a heavy suit to be brought against him for malfeasance in office, which, if successful, will force the gentleman into bankruptcy and poverty. While he has been known as corrupt and dishonest in politics, and a leader of a bad political ring, yet,

HIS MORAL STATUS

was known to but few. He was for years a deacon in the Park Presbyterian Church, of this city, and of the popular bald-headed type, but he was finally forced to relinquish the position on account of the many bad smelling stories coming to the ears of the other deacons concerning his moral and social delinquencies. It is true that these stories did not come from very reputable sources—such as weekly sketches from a disreputable sheet published in Cincinnati, Dr. Palmer, of that town, dressed his wound. He said that his finger was taken off by a piece of a shell, while he was swimming the Rio Grande River in the face of the enemy. He exhibited what purported to be a letter from General Logan, recommending the bearer thereof to the charity of soldiers. He also said that he had just visited Lincoln to see his parents, whom he had not heard from for over thirty years, and that on his way from Lincoln he stayed at Dexter village on the night of the Barron murder. He gave some particulars of the tragedy which were not all correct.

Dr. Palmer has since said that he never saw the person described, and, furthermore, had never dressed a wound for any such person.

On the Sunday following the tragedy B. F. Walton, Postmaster at West New Portland, overtook a man on foot, whom he invited to ride with him. This man was about thirty years old, six feet tall, slim in build, light complexion, dark brown hair and slight moustache. He said that he lived in New York state, and was on his way to the logging swamps of Dead River to get work. The same man was afterward seen near Flagstaff and Kingfield villages, where he told contradictory stories. It has been proved beyond question that two or three days after this he met Phillips, the first described party.

The opinion in New Portland is that the two men mentioned were connected with the robbery and murder of Barron. In passing themselves off as tramps they were both contradicted by their general appearance. The meeting of the men above Phillips village was brought about by making marks upon the snow, and that meeting clearly shows that they were working together.

In conclusion, Mr. Hopkins says: "After the foregoing facts came to light, the writer gave to a detective who had been working on the Dexter robbery case the greater part of the information contained herein, and the reply was that it looked plausible, but that the detective were on another track which would shortly lead to the arrest of the robbers, remarking at the same time that the description of the first-named man, not only as to age, stature and complexion, but as to the blemishes on his hand and wrist, perfectly and fully answered to the description of a noted bank robber of New York, called 'Three Fingered Jack'."

PULLED BY THE POLICE.

But they failed in capturing their game. The gentle Susie, being of a light and airy build, is said to have escaped up the chimney in the shape of smoke, while the larger game is supposed to have taken passage in

an underground railroad, coming to the surface about seventy-five yards south of the Tivoli.

The criminal proceedings against the procress, Jennie Eichelberger, have at last, through her active skirmishing, in the shape of delays and continuances, come to a temporary end, and it is well understood that at the proper time, in order to save a trip to the penitentiary, she will come forward and make a clean breast of everything and drive the last nail into the coffin ready to receive Mr. Patton. Her business is well known, and her power for evil appreciated.

The fact of the girl meeting Patton at this house, of being paid money by him there and on the street, receiving presents of articles of wear, with the times, names of merchants, individuals and localities, are undeniable and are in the possession of the mother's attorneys.

To avoid the disastrous exposure, Mr. Patton has thus far made desperate but fruitless efforts to consummate a settlement.

He first went to the father of the girl's mother, in the southern part of the city, then he offered a sister a sum of money to quiet her niece. Falling in these, he next went to the jail, where the girl had been placed at the instance of the mother, to await transportation to the Reform School, and by threats, entreaties, promises of money and presents, endeavored, it is alleged, to induce the girl to put the shame of the affair on some one else.

In his distracted efforts, he appealed, it is said, to the girl's remembrance of his fatherly feelings toward her, and, with endearing looks and tones, reminded her "how I loved you once, Susie."

He next is said to have gone to the mother's attorneys, and to have appealed to their feelings of sympathy for his family and in other respects, that, to rid themselves of his solicitations, they finally laid his propositions before the mother, but they were indignantly restricted, and no alternative remained for him but to meet, before a legal and public scrutiny, the accusations of his transgressions and violations of moral and human laws.

As one echo of the scandal, it is reported that Thomas B. Eichelberger has been expelled from the Dayton Lodge, I. O. O. F.

If street rumors are true, the same fate awaits Mr. Patton, both from his church and the same Order. Certain it is that, on the evening of the 9th, the seven Elders of his church sat in solemn session and debated preliminary proceedings, looking into an investigation of his immoral course.

The Dexter Bank Tragedy.

Mr. J. I. Hopkins, of New Portland, Me., in a letter for publication, gives some interesting facts which seem to open the way to a solution of the Dexter Bank mystery. He says that on Wednesday evening following the Barron tragedy, a man who did not give his name appeared at West New Portland, dressed in soldier's clothes. He was apparently about forty-five years old, five feet nine inches tall, of very dark complexion, and black eyes. The fore-finger on his right hand was wanting, and his right wrist was somewhat stiffened. This man said he was in Dexter on the night of the bank robbery (which statement has been fully corroborated by a letter from the President of that bank), and explained why he was there at that time. He told several persons that about thirty years ago he ran away from his home in Penobscot county, and he afterward enlisted in the regular army; that in 1862, while in Texas, he was taken prisoner by the Mexicans, and was kept in prison in Mexico for eleven years; that he was wounded in the abdomen by a copper bullet which has never yet been extracted, and was then suffering from that wound, so much so that he was unable to sleep, and, that when at North Anson, Dr. Palmer, of that town, dressed his wound. He said that his finger was taken off by a piece of a shell, while he was swimming the Rio Grande River in the face of the enemy. He exhibited what purported to be a letter from General Logan, recommending the bearer thereof to the charity of soldiers. He also said that he had just visited Lincoln to see his parents, whom he had not heard from for over thirty years, and that on his way from Lincoln he stayed at Dexter village on the night of the Barron murder. He gave some particulars of the tragedy which were not all correct.

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In conclusion, Mr. Hopkins says: "After the foregoing facts came to light, the writer gave to a detective who had been working on the Dexter robbery case the greater part of the information contained herein, and the reply was that it looked plausible, but that the detective were on another track which would shortly lead to the arrest of the robbers, remarking at the same time that the description of the first-named man, not only as to age, stature and complexion, but as to the blemishes on his hand and wrist, perfectly and fully answered to the description of a noted bank robber of New York, called 'Three Fingered Jack'."

ARRESTED FOR BURGLARY.

On the 17th, eight prisoners on Blackwell's Island coolly walked away from their keepers, seized a boat, and rowed off.

CURIOSITIES OF THE "CROOKED."

A Droll Mixture of Romance, Pathos and Farce Which Characterized the Matrimonial Experiences of Two Young Williamsburgh Burglars and Their Respective Flames.

Joe Hinchy and Sylvester Fullam, two recently married youths, were held by Justice Elliott, presiding in the Fourth District Court, Williamsburg, on the 15th, to await the action of the Grand Jury on a charge of burglary. They were accused of robbing the liquor store of Edward McSorley, at the corner of Fourth and North Fifth streets, while the latter was in prison awaiting the result of a coroner's investigation into the death of Patrick White, whom he was accused of killing.

The circumstances attending the wedding of Hinchy and Fullam, and the sad and checkered history of one of the brides, are, to say the least, peculiar. Hinchy's marriage took place less than two months ago, the bride, who is only in her seventeenth year, being the wife of the notorious burglar, Jack Dunn, who is at present serving a five years' sentence, for burglary, in the Kings County Penitentiary.

When in her thirteenth year, Mrs. Dunn-Hinchy, then a tall, slender, handsome, overgrown girl in short dresses, appeared in Justice Elliott's Court, in company with her mother, to prosecute Dunn on

A CHARGE OF SEDUCTION.

The child reluctantly made the complaint, as she was unwilling to wed the rascal who had affected her ruin. But the mother was inexorable; nothing would satisfy her but marriage, to preserve the reputation of her daughter, as she put it. As the girl's folly was not about to bear any fruit, Officer Tim Phelan, of the Fifth Precinct Police, who arrested Dunn, besought the mother not to force her child to wed the prisoner. He assured the woman that Dunn, although then only twenty years old, was a professional burglar, who had served several terms in prison. The mother's continued reply to the officer's pleading was:

"I want to save my daughter's character!"

"Then," responded the officer, in disgust, "if marriage with a professional burglar can save your daughter's character, it is not worth saving."

He assured the woman that her prospective son-in-law would spend the honeymoon in the penitentiary. The marriage took place, the groom only too readily consenting to purchase his

LIBERTY AT HYMN'S ALTAR.

A week later, Dunn was arrested, for burglary by Officer Phelan. He was convicted, and was sentenced to the penitentiary for five years. He was concerned in a desperately partially successful attempt to break prison about two years ago.

After Dunn's arrest and conviction the young wife, to an extent mistress of her own actions, attended hops and parties until her mother secured her confinement in the House of the Good Shepherd, at East New York. After her liberation she ignored parental control and did pretty much as she pleased. She was again sent back to the institution in which she had previously been confined, at the instance of her mother. After her discharge she was committed for the third time. When again at freedom she came to this city and lived at service for awhile, after which she began to associate with vicious young men. Her mother discovered her whereabouts, and caused her arrest and commitment to Blackwell's Island for a year. The term of her sentence having expired a little over two months ago, she made her appearance in Williamsburg and was wooed, won and wedded by Joe Hinchy inside a week. Her previous marriage with Dunn seemed to form no impediment

IN THE WAY OF A SECOND ALLIANCE.

She had not been wedded over a week when Hinchy went to the residence of his parent, who is a respectable old lady, for some of his garments. As he was prevented from removing them, he assaulted the mother. For that offense he was arrested by Officer Phelan, who found it difficult to separate himself and his wife, so affectionately did they cling to each other. Hinchy told the officer that he never felt so bad before at being arrested. His wife visited him in his cell that night and remained with him for several hours. They vowed to pull together and to live unitedly and happily when he was liberated. When Hinchy was reminded by Detective Holland that Dunn would not only lick him, but take back the wife when he got free, Hinchy replied that he was not in the least afraid. Mrs. Hinchy expressed her determination to stick by her last husband to the last. Hinchy's wife sat beside him in court the following morning, and wept bitterly when he was committed to jail for ten days. She visited him daily in Raymond street, and received him with open arms when he was liberated. They purchased a lounge and an old stove, and set up house-keeping in a room on First street, near North Seventh, which was

A RESORT FOR YOUNG LOAFERS.

But how did Hinchy treat the wife who stood by him so faithfully in his troubles? Why, he simply deserted her for a new flame a few days before his arrest. At least, a handsome young girl clung convulsively around his neck when he was arrested in "Bull's alley," on North Fourth street, by Detective Holland, for the present offense. The consequence was that neither the wife nor the new flame appeared in court to console him or sympathize with him in his present trouble.

Fullam's bride has no such checkered history as Mrs. Dunn-Hinchy, but her marriage, a few weeks ago, has much that is ridiculous and a little that is romantic, after a fashion, in it. When she appeared in Justice Elliott's court, three or four weeks since, sitting behind Fullam, whispering words of consolation into his ears, she was in the role of a disappointed bride elect. The previous evening she was gaily decked in her bridal garments waiting the arrival of the groom, but "he cometh not, she saith." Instead of her prospective husband, a message came that he had half an hour before he came.

ARRESTED FOR BURGLARY.

On the 17th, eight prisoners on Blackwell's Island coolly walked away from their keepers, seized a boat, and rowed off.

ing her belief in his innocence, she told him of her determination to stick by him to the last. She was in court beside him the following morning, called upon him in jail, and rejoiced in his liberation ten days later, when he made her his wife.

The bride and a companion named Jane McKeon, aged fourteen years, were prisoners in Justice Elliott's court, on the morning of the 6th, on charges of drunkenness and disorderly conduct. The bride, who is only sixteen years of age, stated that several friends were present at the minister's house at the marriage. While the ceremony was in progress some of the weddng party stole the clergyman's slippers. The groom paid the minister only forty cents. She further stated that after living together happily for a few days her husband left her and she went to reside with her mother. She was informed that he was sweet on another girl, so

SHE DETERMINED TO WATCH HIM.

The previous evening she detected him linked arm in arm with his new flame on North Fifth street. The girl fled at her approach, but the husband stood his ground. She first assailed him with her tongue and then with her hands, when he too took to his heels. The bride, to ease her jealousy, drank freely with the McKeon girl. The pair became boisterous at midnight, were arrested and sentenced to Raymond Street Jail for ten days each.

Neither the bride nor the new flame consoled the faithless Fullam by their presence in court.

Thus the two fickle grooms were deserted by their brides and their new flames alike when trouble over took them.

AN OFFICER'S SHAME.

Deplorable Degradation of the Naval Uniform by a Recreant Lieutenant, Who Heartlessly Abandons his Wife and Children and Elopés With a Respectable Young Girl.

BALTIMORE, Md., February 18.—The rumored elopement of Lieutenant Fletcher, of the United States Navy, and Miss Bailey, the accomplished daughter of Mrs. Bailey, proprietress of a fashionable boarding-house, which became noised about to-day, excited much interest. The Lieutenant left his wife and two children behind, and they have gone to their relatives in Washington. A relative of the girl makes the following statement:

"The man is Lieutenant Fletcher, an officer of the United States Navy, and the woman is the daughter of the lady of this house."

"When did they elope?"

"They left here on Wednesday last, and are supposed to have gone to New York. In October last, Lieutenant Fletcher, with his wife and two children, came here to board. He is about forty years of age, delicate in appearance and bald-headed. His manners and deportment were always those of a gentleman, but he was by no means such a man as might be supposed.

WOULD ATTRACT A YOUNG LADY.

He came here from the west, but his father, who is a physician, resides in Washington.

"Mrs. Fletcher is much younger than he, and is a very sweet and attractive lady. They have two little children, and seemed to live very happily together. On Wednesday last Fletcher took his wife to the Peabody Institute and showed her through the building. He was especially attentive to her on that occasion. That evening he and Miss Bailey eloped together, and are supposed to have gone to New York. It was a long time before the mother of Miss Bailey could realize that her daughter had really taken such an extraordinary step."

"How old was the young lady?"

"She was just eighteen. She is quite pretty and unusually retiring and modest in her manners, was scarcely ever seen in the parlor and

SEEMED TO SHUN THE SOCIETY OF MEN."

"Was there anything observed in the deportment of the two toward each other to arouse suspicion?"

"Nothing. Miss Bailey never went out of the house with the Lieutenant alone prior to the evening of the elopement. They were never seen together, and no one ever suspected that there was any improper relations between them."

"What steps are being taken to secure the arrest of the parties?"

"The only steps that have been taken are to secure the return of the young lady. She is devoted to her mother, who is confident that when her betrayer becomes tired of her, as he probably will, she will be willing to return. Her father was in New York at the time of the elopement and is there still, making efforts, through private detectives, to get some clue to the whereabouts of his daughter."

Mrs. Fletcher has gone home with her children. Her father, a well-known dentist of Washington, came after her as soon as the elopement became a certainty. Lieutenant and Mrs. Fletcher's families are among the best people in Washington, and his conduct was

A GREAT SHOCK TO THEM.

Miss Bailey was educated at the public schools of the city and is said to be remarkably sprightly and intelligent. She has an only sister, still quite a child, and no brothers. Her father is in very delicate health, and was in New York for the purpose of consulting a physician when his daughter ran away. The mother of the young lady is, of course, almost heartbroken, but says she will receive her erring daughter willingly if she returns. The family of Miss Bailey move in the most respectable circles. They have been brought to somewhat reduced circumstances by the ill-health of the father, and the mother largely supports the family by her boarding-house, which has been filled by the best class of gentlemen and their families. The deepest sympathy is felt for the parents of the girl in their greatest trouble.

Twelve citizens of Allegan county are under arrest at Alleg



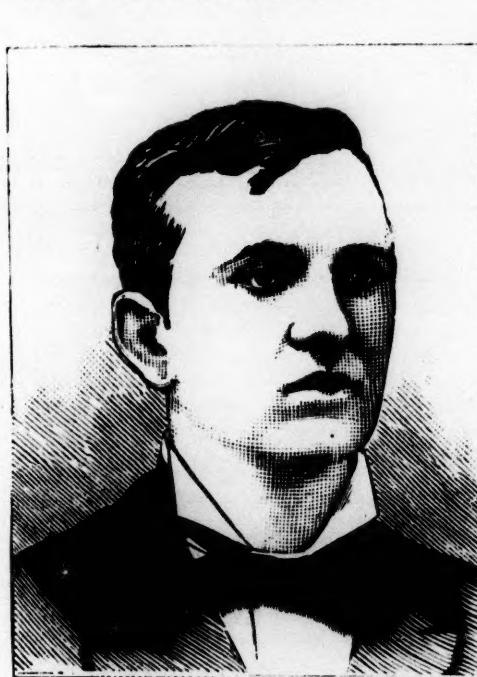
EX-SHERIFF WILLIAM PATTON, PRINCIPAL IN THE PATTON-HORN SCANDAL, DAYTON, O.—SEE PAGE 3.



MISS "DUCKIE" WHITE, THE HEROINE OF A RECENT EXPLOIT WITH THE WASHINGTON, D. C., POLICE.—SEE PAGE 2.



PETER E. STEVENS, MURDERER OF HIS GIRL-WIFE, CHICAGO.—SEE PAGE 2.



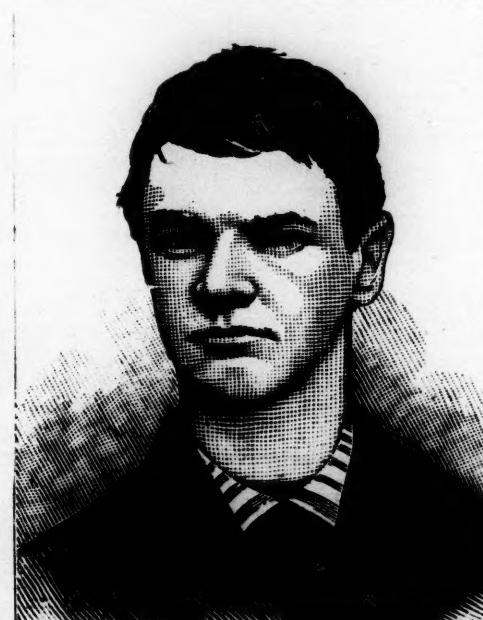
JOHN HOPE, ACCUSED OF COMPLICITY IN THE MANHATTAN BANK ROBBERY.—SEE PAGE 2.

Sensational and Mysterious Affray.
LOUISVILLE, Ky., February 15.—Somewhat of a sensation was produced on Broadway to-day by a very singular stabbing affray. The neighborhood is always extremely quiet, being in the heart of the most beautiful residences of the city. At two o'clock a well-dressed young man, conspicuous chiefly for his red hair, rang the front door bell of a residence on Second street, whereupon a lady and gentleman appeared, the caller retreating at the sight of the latter, who fol-

lowed him. The lady returned to the house, but the gentleman, overtaking the visitor, struck at him twice, with what appeared to be a handkerchief. Both blows were on the head, one on the right temple, the other above the forehead, and after delivering them the assailant walked away, folding up the handkerchief, which was saturated with blood, and placing in his pocket a knife, which it had concealed. The wounded man staggered into a drug-store and asked that a cab be summoned by telephonic communication. The request was complied with, the druggist in the meantime dressing the wounds, which are considered serious. The flow of blood was very free, and when he left in the cab the young man could hardly stand. He refused positively to say a word about the true inwardness of the assault, and after the cabman had driven him a certain distance, signalled him to stop—whereupon he got out, and walked slowly along an

obscure street, disappeared. All efforts to trace him further have entirely failed. Inquiry revealed that the assault was committed by William Smith, who is an undertaker of good repute. He states that he does not know who the young man is, further than he signed "H. W." to an improper note, addressed to his wife, announcing his intention to call at two p. m., to-day. His wife showed the note to her husband, with the result related.

An astounding case of imposition has taken place at Altrincham, in England. A poorly-clad woman went to the house of a Miss Fairbank, representing that she was in an abject state of poverty and destitution, and that her husband was lying dead in the house. Miss Fairbank informed the applicant that she was not in the habit of giving assistance without visiting the houses of those seeking it. The woman



JOHN MEHAN, ALIAS "KID MEENEY," A MURDEROUS CHICAGO BURGLAR.—SEE PAGE 2.



THRILLING STREET SCENE—A PAIR OF RUNAWAY HORSES DASH FRANTICALLY INTO A CROWDED STREET CAR, THE DRIVER OF WHICH, HENRY QUINN, STANDS HEROICALLY AT HIS POST AND SAVES HIS PASSENGERS AT THE IMMINENT RISK OF HIS LIFE, NEW YORK CITY.—SEE PAGE 12.

Battle With Corpse-Eating Cats.

[Subject of Illustration.]

At New Albany, Ind., a remarkable scene recently occurred in that part of the city called "Hog Hollow." One Daniel Sheahan, a former employee of the glass works, who lived in a small frame building in the locality referred to, died suddenly. At night some young people gathered to watch over the remains, but becoming, as the widow thought, a little too noisy, they were all sent away, with the exception of Thomas Flinn and William Lang, two young men, aged about twenty-one or twenty-two years, and two young ladies. About twelve o'clock Thomas Flinn went into the room to examine the corpse, and was horrified to see three cats on the body. He tried to drive them away by motioning with his hand, but they showed fight. He then seized a poker and commenced belaboring them with it, and they attacked him, and it was all he could do, with the assistance of the other watchers, whom his cries for aid summoned, to drive them from the room. The window was then closed, and cats of all sizes, colors, ages and of both sexes jumped on the window-sill and sprang against the glass, with their eyes blazing and their fur all standing the wrong way. Finding they could not force an entrance there, they went to the roof and endeavored to tear off the shingles; got under the floor and sought for an entrance. Their screams, yells and groans in the meantime were frightful to listen to, and so scared the watchers that they were almost paralyzed with fear. The ghoulish beasts failed to effect an entrance, and the watchers felt relieved. But it was soon discovered that they could not remain in the house with all the windows closed, as the odor from the corpse was too offensive, and the window was again raised, but not enough to admit a cat. Then the window was again assailed, and it seemed to the guardians of the remains that there were at least a hundred felines trying to force an entrance. Flinn stood at the window with the poker and beat them over the head, but they persisted in the effort to effect an entrance. Finally some of them got part of their bodies through, and the window was closed down on them, two pokers heated red hot and the beasts burned in every possible way, the young people thinking it would drive them away, but it did not; and the fight was kept up at intervals until after daylight. The watchers kept the window down as long as they could possibly bear the stench, and when they could do so no longer it would be raised and the war waged on both sides. It was a remarkable occurrence, the like of which was probably never known in that part of the country.

The watchers looked next morning like they had had a long spell of sickness, and say they would not pass through another such an ordeal for the world. Some nine or ten dead cats were found around the premises next morning, and many of the neighbors missed their grimalkins.

A Negro Bully's Death.

[Subject of Illustration.]

[Special Correspondence of POLICE GAZETTE.]
KANSAS CITY, Mo., February 15.—A tragedy occurred in this city on the 11th, which resulted in the death of a negro named Mark Ellis, under the following circumstances: Erastus Johns, Supervisor of Registration, was standing in the door of a saloon with another gentleman, when Mark Ellis pushed his way between them, making some offensive remark, whereupon Johns slapped him in the face. The negro then ran out into the street, picked up a stone near the city railway track, and started with it toward Johns, threatening to strike him with it. Johns then drew a revolver and shot him in the left temple, killing him instantly. Johns was arrested. He makes the following statement of the affair:

"I was in front of the saloon," corner of Sixteenth street and Grand avenue, about eleven o'clock, with a friend, and while standing near the door, Mark Ellis,



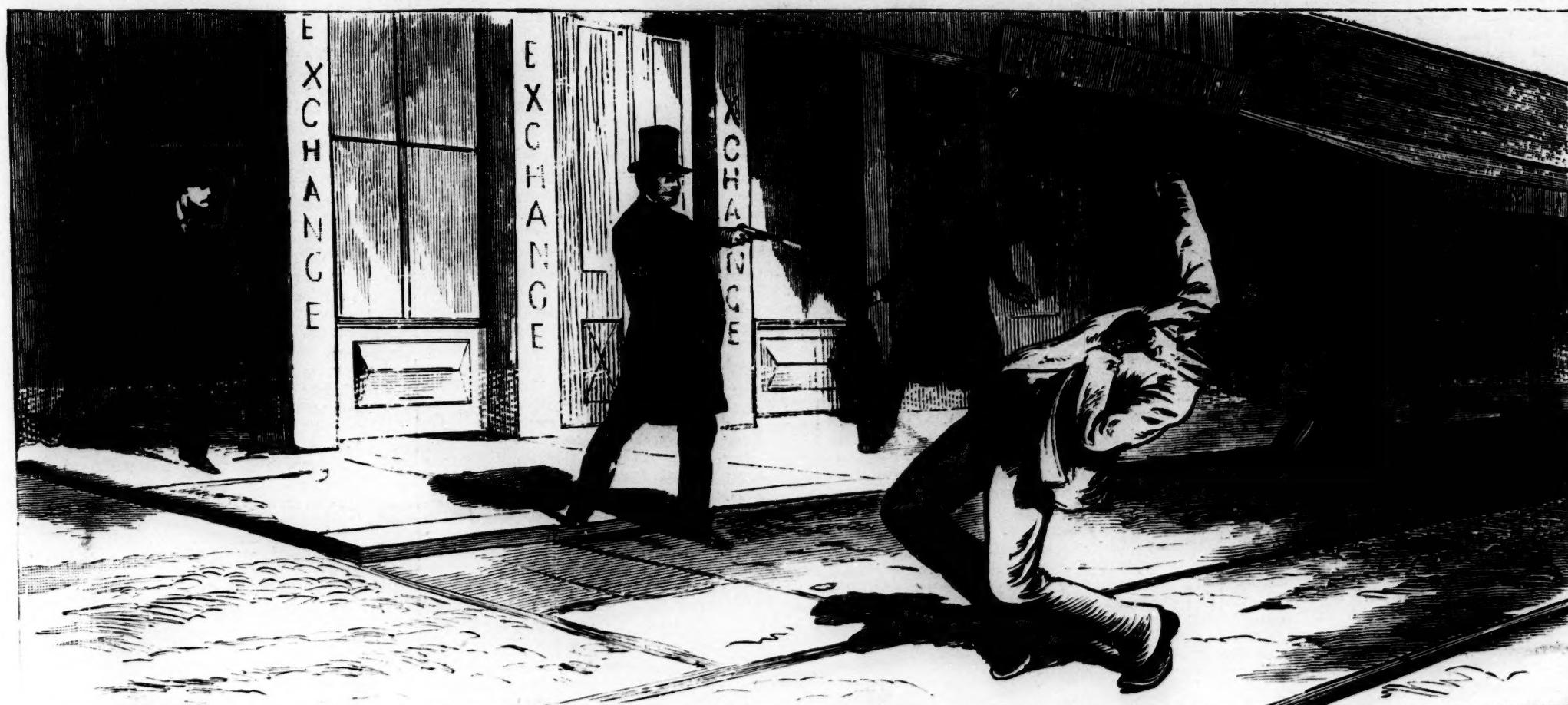
MISS VENIE CLANCY, AS "JOSEPHINE" IN "H. M. S. PINAFOR."—SEE PAGE 2.

years, came rustling out and ran against me, using some saucy expression. He pushed me back against the building, when I said, 'Do you know who you are talking to?' He said 'Yes, to you,' when I slapped him in the face with the back of my hand. He staggered or stepped back into the street, and picking up a large stone, came towards me, saying, 'I will kill you, you white ———.' I drew a revolver from my pocket and made a rush at him, with the intention of knocking him down, and struck a downward blow with the weapon. The end of the barrel grazed his forehead so hard that the revolver exploded, or else I cocked it as I pulled it from my pocket and it went off. I did not mean to kill the man, although I knew him to be dangerous. I think I did right, and guess I should have to do the same thing under the same circumstances were they to occur."

A Brace of Texan Killers.

OMAHA, Neb., February 6.—An officer arrived from the west last evening in charge of David Meliskey and Charles Reed, alias David Douglas, two Texans, charged with numerous murders. They have been keeping themselves in obscurity in Central Nebraska for some time, and were captured last Saturday evening at North Platte. They had gone into an eating-house for supper, each having a needle-gun and carrying two revolvers. On entering the dining-room they placed their guns in the corner of the room nearest the door and walked toward the table. The officers entered behind them, and standing between them and their guns, called upon them to surrender, at the same time leveling revolvers at their heads. They surrendered and were lodged in jail at North Platte until yesterday morning, when they were heavily ironed and brought to Omaha. They are both young men, Meliskey appearing not more than twenty years of age. A Herald reporter visited them at the jail last night, but they declined to make any statement. The Sheriff at Austin, Texas, was telegraphed, and he replied that Meliskey was wanted there, being already under indictment for murder. The prisoners will be held here until a requisition from the Governor of Texas is received and granted by the Governor of Nebraska. Meliskey's father is a wealthy merchant of Austin, Texas. The boy has been a wild and reckless young fellow, and has at different times found shelter in Nebraska, living at Ogallala. Last fall he returned to Texas, and on the 30th of September was in a house of prostitution, where he became engaged in a brawl, a man striking him. He drew his revolver and fired on the man, instantly killing him, the ball passing through him and also killing a woman who stood behind him. After the man fell to the floor Meliskey emptied another barrel into his body. Another man in the room shot at Meliskey, missing him, when Meliskey fired, killing him also. The police came to the door, but Meliskey drove them away, and getting out of town, left the country, going to Ogallala. He has been there and in the neighboring country ever since, and has had a fair reputation there, although always going heavily armed. Charles Reed is a man known in frontier slang as having been a "running mate" of Bill Blair, a noted Texan duelist and desperado. Reed and Blair became engaged in a fight with an orderly sergeant, when Blair was shot dead. Reed drew his weapon, and before the affray was over had killed the orderly and three of the soldiers—all who attempted to touch him. He came to Nebraska late this fall, and has, it appears, been as much of a traveling arsenal as Richards claims to have been at one time, sometimes having four revolvers on his person. The capture of these men was undertaken by parties here for the purpose of securing the reward of upwards of \$2,000 offered for their arrest.

The Excise Board of this city was indicted by the Grand Jury on the 17th, for granting licenses to improper persons.



A NEGRO BULLY'S DEATH—MARK ELLIS, A RUFFIANLY BLACK, FATALLY SHOT BY ERASTUS JOHNS, SUPERVISOR OF REGISTRATION, UPON WHOM HE WAS ABOUT TO MAKE A MURDEROUS ASSAULT, KANSAS CITY, MO.

CLERICAL MISDEMEANORS.

Another Case of the Prevalent Ministerial Depravity of the Day, Which Occupies so Large a Space

IN THE ANNALS OF SIN,

Furnished By the Alleged Nuptial Eccentricities of the So-Called Reverend Newby, a Deposed Parson.

WHY HE GOT THE GRAND BOUNCE.

About a year ago the vestry of St. Andrew's Protestant Episcopal Church of Lambertville, N. J., called to its pastorate the Rev. Thomas B. Newby, formerly assistant rector of the Church of the Holy Apostles in this city. Mr. Newby had also had charge of parishes in Central City, Colorado, and Ravenswood, N. Y. He was about thirty-seven years of age, of English descent, and was understood by his congregation to be unmarried. He is tall and handsome, with a black moustache, dark eyes and hair, and pleasant, genial manners. He studied for the ministry at the General Theological Seminary, in this city. Mr. Newby speedily established himself in the good graces of his people, and by his activity and energy rapidly built up the church and enlarged its membership. He became a great favorite, not only with his own people, but with those of other denominations, many of whom come to St. Andrew's to hear him preach. As his salary was small, the rector eked it out by practicing medicine, which he had studied

BEFORE TAKING HOLY ORDERS.

Last spring Mrs. Eggins, the proprietress of the boarding-house at which the rector was living, wanted a servant girl, and Mr. Newby told her that he would write to his friends in New York, and get her just such a person as she wanted. The servant, an attractive young woman of modest demeanor and engaging disposition, came from New York with references which Mrs. Eggins considered perfectly satisfactory. The girl was noticed to pay much attention to Mr. Newby and to be frequently in his company, but no suspicions appear to have been aroused by it. A short time before the rector had made the acquaintance of Miss Ida Pierson, a young lady of seventeen, teacher in one of the public schools, and a niece of the postmaster of the place. His attentions to her became marked, and their

ENGAGEMENT WAS SOON AFTER ANNOUNCED.

Miss Pierson was a member of the Baptist Church, and sang in the choir, but she now began to attend St. Andrew's in company with Mr. Newby.

Last October, Mrs. Hester Moore, a resident of Lambertville, came to New York to look after the business of a boarding-house in West Thirty-eighth street, of which she is part proprietress. Among the trunks in the garret was one marked "Mrs. T. N. Newby." Mrs. Moore asked to see the lady, who, with her little thirteen-year-old sister, was one of the guests of the house. On her descending to the parlor Mrs. Moore said laughingly that her pastor in Lambertville was also named "T. B. Newby," and asked the strange lady if she was related to him. Mrs. Newby's lips trembled, but she made no answer. Her little sister, who sat clasping her hand, could not be restrained, and before Mrs. Newby could prevent her, had blurted out indignantly, "Yes, Mr. Newby's

"GOT A GOOD MANY WIVES!"

Mrs. Moore subsequently discovered that the lady had been Mr. Newby's wife, and had secured a divorce from him on the ground of his misconduct. Mrs. Moore casually mentioned the fact to a lady friend in Lambertville, and in less than forty-eight hours the news was all over the place that Rector Newby had a divorced wife living in New York, when he had been passing himself off as an unmarried man. When his vestrymen took him to task on the subject, he admitted that the lady had been his wife, but said that the divorce had been granted because of her infidelity, and that she had been pursuing him vindictively ever since. In proof, he showed a report signed by a committee of inquiry appointed by Bishop Potter, who had investigated the matter and reported favorably to Mr. Newby. This quieted the scandal for a time, when fresh trouble was caused by reports of Mr. Newby's relations with the young servant girl whom he had caused to be brought on from New York. Mrs. Newby, who had heard of her husband's allegations against her, became very indignant. She set on foot an investigation which showed that the servant girl in question was one of the rector's former Sunday-school scholars.

WITH WHOM HE HAD BEEN INTIMATE.

This news arriving at Lambertville added fresh fuel to the unhappy scandal. On December 7, Mr. John W. King, the Senior Warden, sent for Mr. Newby, and told him that he must produce two letters, one from the Bishop, exonerating him from the charge of infidelity in the matter of his wife's divorce, and another from the servant girl (who had in the meantime gone back to New York) clearing him of the charges of improper relations with her. Mr. Newby promised to procure these letters, it being agreed that if he succeeded he should be allowed to continue in the rectorship until next Easter. In due time Mr. King got a letter from the girl, in which she explicitly exonerated him from the charge of impropriety. The letter afterward turned out to have been copied by the girl from a draft which Mr. Newby sent on to her, and which subsequently fell into Mrs. Newby's possession. Meanwhile, the rector threw all the blame of the scandal on his wife, representing her as pursuing him, without cause, and out of

PURE JEALOUSY AND SPITE.

Many of his people expressed strong sympathy for him, and refused to listen to the charges. The declarations of her husband coming to the wife's ears ex-

posedly a public investigation.

On Wednesday, the 15th of January, accompanied by a detective named Taylor, Mrs. Moore, and one or two other friends, Mrs. Newby went to Lambertville and put up at John Zigler's hotel. On the following day a committee of the vestry met in the parlors of Warden King's house, at which Mr. King, Mr. John W. Beatty, Mr. George Flummerfelt, Mr. Henry Barber, Mrs. Edward Rittenhouse and Mr. William Davis were present on behalf of the church. Mr. Newby himself manifested little concern in the matter. Most of the vestry have since admitted that they were prejudiced in his favor, all wanting to see him acquitted, and Mrs. Newby had no little difficulty in stating her case. When she called Detective Boyd to testify to Mr. Newby's misconduct in the divorce suit, the rector sprang to his feet and said, with scorn, "I object to this man's interference. He has no right to represent my wife. I have no counsel."

"LET HER TELL HER OWN STORY."

The vestry eyed the detective keenly, and after a whispered consultation declined to hear him. Mrs. Newby then exhibited the decree of divorce which had been granted her in Schuyler county, N. Y., and the accompanying evidence which convicted the rector of infidelity with a Mrs. Florence De Milt in New York. The suit had been brought in a rural court in order to avoid publicity. The vestry wavered over this evidence. The divorce had been granted some three years ago, and Mr. Newby might in the meantime have reformed.

"What other evidence have you, Madam?" asked the Senior Warden of the wife.

Mrs. Newby exhibited a package of twenty-five letters written by her husband to the servant girl at Mrs. Eggins' since the girl's return to New York. Many of them were signed "Your loving sweetheart," and the contents left no doubt as to Mr. Newby's relations to the recipient. Several referred to a promise of marriage. As Mr. King and the other vestrymen read them they looked very grave. After they had finished the first five the Senior Warden turned to the rector and asked him if he acknowledged the letters as his. Mr. Newby looked confused, but did not deny the authorship. The committee decided that it was not necessary to read any more, and told the rector that they were under the painful necessity of

DEMANDING HIS RESIGNATION.

He asked for leave to preach a farewell sermon, but this the committee peremptorily refused.

Mrs. Newby exhibited much feeling during this painful scene. She said that she would never have appeared there but for her husband's outrageous aspersions on her character. She had forgiven him similar infidelities in Colorado, New York, and elsewhere on his promises of reform, which he had invariably broken, and at last drove her to seek relief in divorce. Even now she would not have appeared against him had not his attempts to blacken her reputation reached the ears of her friends in New York and rendered it impossible for her to remain longer silent.

On the next day the Knights' Templar Commandery of Lambertville, of which the rector was a member, obtained knowledge of his delinquencies. Bishop Scarborough arrived on the Saturday following, and forbade his preaching or officiating in the church. Mr. Newby had just prepared a class of young ladies and gentlemen for confirmation on the Sunday following; but the Bishop, in view of what had transpired, decided to defer the ceremony. On Saturday afternoon the Bishop summoned the ex-rector before him. Mr. Newby admitted

THE CHARGE OF PRIOR INDISCRETIONS.

He wanted to be put on probation for four years, but the bishop told him that this was impossible. Mr. Newby's resignation was sent to the vestry and duly accepted. On her way back from Lambertville, Mrs. Newby had stopped in Trenton and called on the bishop. She laid before him the legal evidence in the divorce suit, the letters of Mr. Newby to the girl, and other facts. After hearing them, and also Mr. Newby's statement, the bishop decided that, in view of his repeated offenses, he was no longer a fit person to remain in the ministry, and told him he must be deposed. The accused did not wish to encounter a public trial, and accordingly allowed the case to go by default. While attending a church consecration at Freehold, N. J., the bishop read the sentence of deposition in the presence of the dean and two other clergymen.

The feeling in Lambertville over the affair is of the most painful kind. The overwhelming nature of the evidence, together with the bishop's action, has convinced most people of his guilt and his deposition is

GENERALLY APPROVED.

Miss Ida Pierson, the young school teacher to whom the offending rector was engaged, is completely prostrated by the exposure. She still persists, against the opinion of her friends and family, in the belief in her lover's innocence, or, at least, in the completeness of his reformation. Mr. Newby, on his part, declares the divorce was against him, and forbids his marrying again. Recently he went to Trenton and obtained from Chief Justice Beasley a legal opinion to the effect that under the law he could marry in the state of New Jersey, his New York divorce to the contrary notwithstanding. The ex-rector left Lambertville some two weeks since for New York. To a citizen who shook hands with him on going away and wished him a happy future, he said, coolly:

"Oh, I've had a very pleasant time in Lambertville. I'm coming back next summer."

Previous to his present troubles Mr. Newby was put on probation for four years by the authorities of this diocese. Their action was caused by his irregularities in Colorado.

The special term of court called for the trial of the Olive gang of Custer county, Neb., man-burners, convened at Kearney, on the 18th. The trial promises to be long and interesting. Eminent counsel are employed on both sides. Olive is reputed to be worth \$100,000. The state has appropriated \$10,000 for the prosecution.

SHELBYVILLE'S SENSATION.

Alleged Beecherism of Brother Moses Brown, a Devout Church Member and an Altogether Lovely Young Man, But With a Defective Memory Regarding the Seventh Commandment.

SHELBYVILLE, Ind., February 14.—About four years ago Mr. Robert Rice, a respectable farmer of Union Township, this county, wood and won the affections of Miss Phoebe Cotton, a pretty, sprightly and very popular country coquette. Rice was a widower of thirty at the time he succeeded in winning the affections of the Union Township belle, while she was only fourteen. The couple lived together happily for two years, without a ripple of discord to disturb their marital harmony. At the end of that time a child was born. The event, however, usually one joyous and eagerly expected, proved a curse, instead of a blessing, to Mr. and Mrs. Rice. Their offspring was terribly deformed. The recently happy and contented mother was plunged into grief by the discovery. She conceived the idea that her child resembled a monkey, and instead of the mother's love, which is heaven's best gift to man, she could entertain for her child only a feeling of horror and disgust. From the hour of its birth she was an altered woman, and altered for the worse, as the sequel will show.

The scene shifts. The unhappy young mother had reached a critical point in her life, which events soon occurred to precipitate to a most

DISASTROUS DENOUEMENT.

To drown her sorrow Mrs. Rice went out into society a good deal. She accepted the escort and attentions of various young men in the neighborhood, and gradually began to indulge in that dangerous sport called "flirting." At first innocent, this pastime became by degrees of such a character as to worry her husband and arouse in his bosom the "green-eyed monster." In spite of his protestations, however, the gay young wife continued on in a reckless way until she eventually met her fate. At this imminent juncture the tempter appeared on the scene in the person of Moses Brown. This young man was the brother of Rice's first wife, and also his closest neighbor. He was a devout member of the Baptist church, and conspicuous for his piety and unfailing attendance at worship. All this, however, seems not to have proved sufficient to deter him from vile intentions toward the wife of his brother-in-law and confiding friend. Disregarding the injunction of his name-sake, Moses, the ancient law-giver, he did "covet his neighbor's wife." The latter at length yielded to his wiles, and consented to desert the narrow path of rectitude for "the primrose paths of dalliance." At first slow to distrust his wife, the unfortunate husband was finally compelled to discover that he was supplanted in her affections by

A SNIVELING HYPOCRITE.

To satisfy himself beyond question he employed persons to procure evidence of his wife's infidelity, and soon had enough to convince him "what damned minutes tells he e'er, who dotes yet doubts, suspects yet strongly loves."

To make a long story short and not enter too minutely into prurient details, the husband brought a suit for divorce on the grounds of adultery. The case was decided here recently in the Circuit Court, and the separation was granted in accordance with the averments in the complaint. There was not even a defense, the party of the second part admitting the charge of infidelity, which was, moreover, abundantly proved by other evidence. The neighbors of these parties thought all this bad enough, but would probably have "grinned and bore it" but for the unblushing effrontery of Moses Brown and his paramour. A week had not elapsed after the divorce before the sinful couple deliberately took out license, married and settled down to live within a stone's-throw of the husband whom they had injured and whose home they had made desolate. This was more than the virtue of Union Township could stand. They indignantly resolved to take immediate action upon the "mistakes of Moses" and

EXPEL HIM FROM THE CHURCH.

For this purpose the meeting of church members was called on the 9th. A full attendance of brothers and sisters was secured, and the offending brother was sternly arraigned before them. The charges were carefully examined, and Moses Brown was asked what he had to say in his defense. He replied as follows: "I do not wish that my parents or brothers and sisters should be blamed with this affair. I want to bear it all. I ask that my name be taken from the books of the church, and wish to say that there are others as guilty as I am whose names should also be erased. I only hope the church will look after other members as they have after me. I desire the prayers of the church and expect to pray to God for aid."

A vote was then taken, and Brown was unanimously expelled from the church upon the charges set forth in the foregoing. Great indignation prevails against him, and talk of tar and feathers, and still worse, is freely indulged in.

Cora Sammis' Murder.

[With Illustrations and Portrait.]

The Grand Jury, on the 19th, found an indictment against Mrs. Bertha Berger, of 161 East Twenty-seventh street, and Frank Cosgrove, the alleged seducer of Cora Sammis, for causing the death of the latter, by malpractice, at the house of Mrs. Berger, on the 4th of February last. The trial will come off at an early day. Prior to the finding of the indictment an unsuccessful attempt was made by Mrs. Berger's counsel to have her bail reduced from \$10,000 to \$5,000. Serious allegations were made in the courtroom when the application was heard, against Dr. Whitehead, whose name has recently been brought before the public in another matter.

One of Mrs. Berger's counsel declared that Dr. Whitehead performed the operation on Cora Sammis, but upon finding his victim was likely to die he sent her to Mrs. Berger's house. It was also claimed by counsel that Whitehead performed an operation on Miss Sammis over four years ago.

A full account of the death of Miss Sammis at the house on Twenty-seventh street, and of the melancholy circumstances attending it, was given in our preceding issue. On another page we give an accurate sketch of the house at which the tragic event occurred, an authentic portrait of Mrs. Berger, proprietress of the house and indicted by the Grand Jury for causing the death of Miss Sammis, as stated, and an illustration of the secret removal from the Twenty-seventh street house, at night, of Miss Margaret Steele, who, it is alleged, is another victim of Mrs. Berger's malpractice, and who was taken in a carriage from the residence of the latter to that of Mrs. Berger's mother, in East Fifty-fourth street, where it was intended she should be concealed, in anticipation of Miss Sammis' death, and where she was discovered by Inspector Murray.

"OOFTY GOOFIT'S" DRAMA.

The Dialect Humorist Takes a Manly Stand in the Matter of the Shooting, and the Curtain Falls Upon a Scene in the Most Approved Old Comedy Style, With Everybody Happy and a General Exuberance of Good Feeling.

Augustus Phillips, better known as "Oofty Goofit," and wearing his seal-skin overcoat, but looking pale and ill, appeared at the Jefferson Market Court, on the 14th, to do what he could toward liberating Mary D. Hooper, who is charged with shooting and dangerously wounding him at 142 West Sixteenth street, on the 24th of January last, they having been living together, as is said, as man and wife. When Phillips was requested by Justice Flammer to make a complaint against Mrs. Hooper, he declined to do so, and said that he was under the influence of narcotics when he made the charges against her at the Twenty-Ninth Precinct Station.

Phillips then presented a written statement, setting forth that on the morning of January 24, while living at 142 West Sixteenth street, he was shot in the breast with a self-cocking pistol in the hands of Mary D. Hooper. The shooting occurred between three and four o'clock in the morning, and

GREW OUT OF A FAMILY QUARREL.

The defendant thought that he took the pistol out of a bureau drawer and handed it to Mrs. Hooper, telling her to shoot him, he having no idea that she would do so, and he believes that she had no idea of doing so. He thinks that in the excitement of the moment the pistol went off accidentally. Mrs. Hooper used the expression, "My God, I have shot Gus!" and went down-stairs for a doctor. The doctor came and examined the wound, and went out and got another doctor named Phillips. The doctors then proved the wound to find the ball. Ether and morphine were administered to the defendant and the doctors went away.

In the meantime, as Phillips says, Mrs. Hooper was administering to his wants and comfort, and he repulsed her and gave her a slap or two in the face, which left marks. Both then went down-stairs. At that time he was under the influence of ether, morphine and liquor. He was then taken to the Twenty-ninth Precinct Station-house by officers.

The defendant had an indistinct recollection of going to Captain Williams' room and

TELLING THE CAPTAIN THAT HE WAS SHOT.

He was then taken, as was afterward told, to the Sergeant's desk, where he made a charge against Mrs. Hooper of assault with intent to kill. He now says that he has no recollection of making such a charge, and wants it to be understood that if he had been in his right mind he would not have made such a charge or specification. After that he says he fainted two or three times from the effect of narcotics. He next discovered himself in an ambulance riding rapidly toward the New York Hospital. He totally exonerates Mary D. Hooper from any willful intent to do him bodily harm.

The complaint of Officer Terpenning of the Twenty-ninth Precinct, charging Mrs. Hooper with felonious assault upon Phillips, was then entertained, and Justice Flammer fixed bail at \$2,000. Mrs. Hooper, upon being examined, said that her name was Mary D. Hooper, that she was born in Philadelphia, was twenty-nine years old, and was not guilty of the charge, and did not remember much about the shooting, "being frightened and in a nervous state, and almost mad with fear."

Phillips and Mrs. Hooper had a conversation together in the ante-room of the court, at the conclusion of which he kissed her and hurried off, it is said, to the District-Attorney's office to intercede for Mrs. Hooper.

On the 19th the matter was brought up in Supreme Court Chambers, a large crowd being in attendance. The prisoner entered the court-room accompanied by "Oofty Goofit," who seemed very somber and avoided the gaze of the many eyes that peered at him. Mrs. Hooper was bright and chatted vivaciously with the prison-keeper who had her in charge. Mr. A. H. Hummel handed the papers in the case to Judge Donohue, and Assistant District-Attorney Leary, feeling that "Oofty Goofit" was fully determined to persist in his sworn statement that the shooting was accidental, made no further opposition, and Mr. Hummel's motion for Mrs. Hooper's discharge was granted. She left the court-room in great glee, taking the arm of "Oofty Goofit."

Daring Outrage on a Young Lady.

FULTON, Mo., February 18.—A most daring and atrocious outrage was perpetrated here to-day on the person of Miss Georgie Arthur. The young lady is a clerk in the post-office, and, while assorting the mail about one o'clock, a large, powerful man entered the office, locked the door, and, notwithstanding the girl's desperate struggles, accomplished his vile purpose and escaped. The whole town was immediately aroused. Men and women ran through the streets in wild excitement, and a large number of men started in pursuit of the villain.

A CURIOUS CASE.

The Unexpected Verdict in the Hollister-ville Trial Which Astounded the Court and

ANGERED THE SPECTATORS.

A Singular Crime Perpetrated in a Quiet Village, of Which Prominent Residents and a Pretty Girl Were Accused.

DEMONSTRATION BY INDIGNANT CITIZENS

HONESDALE, Pa., February 16.—The Hollister-ville masked burglary case ended to-night in a verdict that has created great excitement. The trial was begun on Thursday, 6th inst. E. B. Hollister, a Justice of the Peace; George Burns, his brother-in-law; William A. Myers, an educated and respectable young man, and Fannie Van Gorder, the beautiful sixteen-year-old daughter of a well-to-do farmer, were arraigned under an indictment for burglary. The crime was perpetrated at Hollister-ville on the night of November 8, 1878. The barn of C. M. West was discovered to be on fire at midnight. T. H. Baker, a merchant of the village, ran to the fire. Immediately afterward a masked man entered his house, knocked down Mrs. Baker and her six-year-old boy, and robbed the house of a pocket-book containing \$150. Baker had received \$2,700 that day by assigning a mortgage he held against E. B. Hollister to another person. He did not keep the money in his house, but

SENT IT AWAY BY A FRIEND.

It was at once suspected that the fire had been started to call Baker out of his house by persons who knew of the payment of the money, but were ignorant of the fact that it had been sent away. Baker suspected 'Squire Hollister and his brother-in-law, George Burns. Mrs. Baker said that she recognized the person that struck her as George Burns because of the peculiar color of his eyes. On this Burns was arrested and lodged in jail at Honesdale.

Detectives from Scranton took charge of the case. They learned from two men, named Stanton and Bailey, that William A. Myers had tried to get them to help them commit a burglary in Hollister-ville in October last. Myers had told them that he knew that over \$2,000 was to be paid to a man in that place, and that it would not be paid by the party owing it until arrangements had been made to steal it back. Stanton and Bailey

DECLINED TO GO INTO THE JOB.

Myers had told them that he had a girl living in the house of the man who was to receive the money, who would help in the work. Fannie Van Gorder lived occasionally in the house of T. H. Baker. On the 8th of November she came to the house, and was the one who aroused Baker on the night of the fire. After the fire and robbery, it came out that Myers had been seen coming from the direction of West's barn a few minutes before the alarm was given. Myers and Miss Van Gorder were arrested a few weeks afterward. 'Squire Hollister was arrested on charge of having planned the whole crime. The four were presented to the Court week before last, and indicted for conspiracy, arson, burglary and robbery.

The indictment for burglary was taken up first. The prisoners were defended by ex-Judge Henry Wilson, the Hon. W. H. Dimmick, G. S. Purdy and Homer Greene. They moved for a change of venue, on the ground that the publication of the details of another trial in Hollister-ville had prejudiced public opinion

AGAINST SOME OF THE DEFENDANTS.

The motion was denied. The Court assigned G. G. Waller, H. M. Seely, and O. O. Smith to assist District Attorney Mumford in the prosecution. The theory of the prosecution was that 'Squire Hollister had planned to pay the money to Baker so late in the day that it could not be deposited in bank, and that he had conspired with Burns, Myers and Miss Van Gorder to have the fire started and the house of Baker robbed. Myers was charged with being the incendiary, Miss Van Gorder with having given the alarm to Baker and his wife and with trying to get the latter out of the house to the fire, and Burns with having committed the burglary, assault and robbery.

Against Hollister it was proved that Baker never had asked him for the money when it was due; that Hollister voluntarily offered to pay the debt, and set several days for doing so, but failed to procure the money. It was shown that he raised the money on the 20th of September preceding the robbery, subsequent to which he had twice failed to pay Baker on days of his own appointment, saying that he had not yet raised the money. The positive testimony of Mrs. Baker as to her recognition of Burns was the main evidence brought out against him. The story of the men from Scranton as to the overtures Myers had made to them in October, and the testimony of a witness who swore that he saw Myers come from the direction of West's barn shortly before the fire, made up the principal points of

THE CASE AGAINST HIM.

It was proved that Myers went a mile and a half on the day before the robbery to get Fannie Van Gorder to go to Baker's next day. She went, and on the night of the robbery retired to her room at half-past nine o'clock. A little before twelve o'clock she aroused Baker and his wife. She was dressed as she was when she went up to go to bed, even to her switch. Baker swore that he did not know anything of the robbery until he went home from the fire, nearly half an hour after it occurred. He met Fannie Van Gorder going across lots to the fire, but she said nothing about it.

The defense showed by witnesses that the reason Hollister delayed the payment was because he could not arrange other judgments so as to give the Baker mortgage the first lien on his property for the person who was to buy it. They proved that he was in

Scranton the night of the robbery, which was not denied by the prosecution, who argued that that was the most suspicious circumstance against him. A brother, two nieces and a sister-in-law of George Burns swore that he was at their house, six miles from Hollister-ville,

ON THE NIGHT OF THE ROBBERY.

Three witnesses swore that they were in the company of Myers on the same night until the fire broke out. It was shown that Fannie Van Gorder was in the habit of sleeping in her switch; that she had gone to Baker's that day in response to a letter from him; that she ran to the back door when the robber entered and made a loud outcry, and then ran with the alarm to the crowd at the fire. A pistol was produced in court with the hammer filed off so that it could not strike the cartridge. This pistol Baker was in the habit of keeping under his pillow. He swore that it had been disabled unknown to him, and that Fannie Van Gorder had access to it.

The trial lasted until eight and a half o'clock last night. Hundreds of persons were turned away from the court-room daily, unable to gain admittance. Public opinion was strongly in favor of Fannie Van Gorder and William A. Myers, because it was believed that if they were guilty they had been made the tools of older and more experienced criminals. With the exception of this charge, nothing had ever before been alleged against their characters. In all the speculation as to the verdict of the jury it was not believed by any one that

THE GIRL WOULD BE CONVICTED.

The jury went out at half-past eight last night. At six o'clock this afternoon they sent word to Judge Waller that they had agreed upon a verdict. The Judge sent the court crier to inform the counsel, the prisoners and the court officers, and directed them to attend at Ball's Hotel, where the jury were sitting, to receive the verdict. The singular proceeding of a court traveling half a mile or more to the place where a jury was sitting, instead of the jury being directed to bring its verdict into the properly and legally appointed court-room, created so much comment among the counsel and the public that the prisoners, lawyers, judges, jury, court officers and several hundred persons who had assembled in the street in front of the hotel were marched to the other end of the town, the court-room was unlocked and court called. There was no fire in the room. Three gas-jets back of the bench were lighted. The faces of the prisoners and jury could not be seen with any distinctness. None of the friends of the prisoners were present, as a verdict was not expected to be rendered until to-morrow morning.

The jury was polled and voted on each defendant separately. When each juror announced that he found E. B. Hollister and George Burns not guilty, it was supposed at once that all four were to be acquitted, for if these two were innocent the others must be. Therefore, when the jury announced that they found William A. Myers and Fannie Van Gorder guilty, the Court, counsel,

OFFICERS AND SPECTATORS WERE THUNDERSTRUCK. Myers covered his face with his hands and burst into tears. Fannie Van Gorder looked straight at the jury. The look of intense scorn that had been on her beautiful face from the opening of the case until the rendering of the verdict deepened perceptibly, but she gave way to no emotion. Counsel for the defense at once filed a motion for a new trial. The Court was then adjourned.

After the adjournment public feeling manifested itself. When the spectators reached the street, cries of "Hang the jury!" "Hang Hollister and Burns!" and similar cries were heard. The Sheriff took charge of Burns, and men and women jeered at the acquitted prisoners as they passed along. A sympathizing crowd followed Myers and the officer. Myers was completely broken down. One or two of the jurors shook hands with Hollister after the verdict, and one of them was closeted with him in his room at the Kiple House ten minutes after court adjourned. The streets and hotels were crowded as the news spread, and for a time trouble was expected.

Myers was carried weeping to his cell in the jail after the verdict. Burns, who is to stand trial on the three other indictments, was also again locked up. Fannie Van Gorder is under bail. Judge Waller ordered the jailer not to permit any one to see Myers, not even his counsel. If a new trial is denied to the two convicted prisoners, it is said that they will make declarations that will throw new light on the case just tried, and will clear up many mysteries with which it is enveloped.

*** The Military Scandal Case.

The court-martial proceedings against Captain Thomas Blair were unexpectedly concluded on the 18th, to the surprise of every one, by the confession of the accused that he was guilty.

The charge accused him of conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman,

and the first specification alleged in substance,

that he committed bigamy by his marriage with the widow of General Gordon Granger, having a wife living in Scotland.

The second specification is that he forged an order giving him a leave of absence,

the order purporting to have been issued by the War Department.

When the court convened General McMahon read the following statement: "The accused, after reflection, and upon the advice of counsel, has decided to withdraw the plea of not guilty to the specifications.

While he does not admit that at the time of his marriage in Kentucky he believed he had been legally married in Scotland, and claims, therefore, that he is guiltless of intentionally doing the great wrong that has been charged upon him, yet he does not deny that in acting solely upon his conviction in so grave a matter he committed an error so serious in its consequences to others that he is willing to make whatever reparation or atonement there may be in the full acknowledgement of his wrongful act, and he therefore pleads guilty to the specifications and awaits the just sentence of the court."

Captain Blair will remain in custody at Fort Columbus until the War Department passes upon the case.

A MODERN MIRACLE.

Remarkable Case of a Young Unmarried Mother Who Stoutly Avows her Virtue, and Whose Protestations Are Supported by the Testimony of Physicians.

The following remarkable story was recently recited by a Milwaukee police officer to a reporter of the *Wisconsin* of that city: "There's a nice young lady, about eighteen years old, living on the South Side some're, who worked as a servant in one of the *bon ton* families up-town for a long time. Some time ago the family found that this girl, who had always been very faithful and borne an excellent reputation, was about to become a mother. The discovery raised a great hubbub among the wimmin folks, and I dare say put the man of the house in a precarious position. He managed to swear an *alibi*, however, and the girl stuck to it that she had never had any carnal knowledge of us men folks. She was as pure as on the day she was born, yet she acknowledged that indications pointed strongly to the probability that she would in a very short time become a mother. The wimmin folks wouldn't believe the girl's protestations of innocence no way. They said that there was only one case of the kind on record, and that is

MENTIONED IN THE BIBLE AS A MIRACLE.

So to satisfy them she went to a doctor for examination. The pill-slinger found her condition to be delicate, of course, but he found also that her story was true, every word of it, so far as virginity is concerned, and so reported. Then the wimmin raised their hands in holy horror and exclaimed: 'Kin sich things be? It is indeed a miracle!' To come to the climax and not spin too long a yarn, I must add that a baby has been born to the girl within a week, some're over here on the South Side. That is, I have the doctor's word for it, and also for the statement concerning her virgin condition previous to the birth. But I can hardly believe it."

Leaving the policeman the reporter visited the office of the physician and solicited a statement of the facts connected with the case, if such a case really existed. The man of medicine complied with some readiness, for the reason given by him that the affair must sooner or later come to the knowledge of the public in all of its details, both

REMARKABLE AND OBNOXIOUS.

He began by saying that the young lady had worked in the family of a business man residing on Nineteenth street, and by her actions and seasonable hours had never given cause for suspicion of wrong-doing on her part. It was known that she received visits of a young man but little older than herself. Yet her conduct had always been becoming of a woman of good repute. The doctor had always been the family physician, and her physician, also, whenever she required prescriptions. One day during the early part of last season she called for medicine to bring about a restoration of condition that had suddenly been interrupted. He prescribed and she went her way. A little later she came again, complained that the medicine had failed to produce the desired effect, and described symptoms peculiar to married women. Then he questioned her closely, explaining the reason why. To his inquiries she replied firmly, and with an air of truthfulness that could not be shaken, that to the best of her knowledge and belief she had never known a man carnally. The doctor asked why she made use of the qualification "to the best of her knowledge and belief," when she replied that she certainly had no knowledge of anything of the kind, and yet the possibility of being chloroformed for some such purpose remained. With an assurance from the doctor that even the use of chloroform would have come to her knowledge, she left.

Later still, or about four months after her first call for medicine, the young woman came again—this time to submit to an examination that should fully determine her condition and the truth of

HER PROTESTATIONS OF INNOCENCE AND PURITY.

The examination was made and fully disclosed the fact that, while she was in a very short time to become a mother, yet her virginity could not for one moment be doubted. The fact was then communicated to another physician, who reported a similar finding. The doctor now pressed the young lady to relate any thing and every thing that had taken place between herself and her male suitor, which might have a bearing upon her condition. In compliance, she stated that on one occasion the young man from whom she had been receiving attentions, and who had engaged to marry her, made an attempt at seduction which she resisted successfully, although he nearly succeeded in overpowering her. In conclusion she expressed the opinion that her condition was due to this attempt, for it was the only instance to her knowledge where she had been assaulted or even approached in an indecent manner.

This explanation removed the last remaining doubt from the doctor's mind, for similar cases are on record in the history of *materia medica*, although very rare. In conclusion the doctor stated that the young lady found an asylum at the home of a sister during her confinement, which occurred a little over a week ago, her father having closed his doors against her because of a belief that she

HAD FALLEN FROM CHASTITY.

For several days after the birth of the child—a little girl—her symptoms were considered alarming, and this had a tendency to soften the heart of the stern parent so that a reconciliation was easily affected. At length accounts mother and child were doing well.

In further corroboration of the above remarkable story, and in explanation of a necessity for the publication here made, it is to be stated that the records of a justice of the peace in this city show that one Schwind—the given name is not remembered—was recently bound over to the Circuit Court for trial, on a charge of bastardy preferred by Minnie Daehn, the heroine of this chapter. At this trial all of the facts herein given will be necessarily and clearly set forth, together with the corroborative testimony of the physicians who had cognizance and charge of the case. It is understood that young Schwind refuses to marry

Miss Daehn on the ground that he never had sexual intercourse with her. The absolute truth of this claim is established by the girl herself and by the physicians. But the attempt made by Schwind, as claimed, and the results of that attempt cannot be so easily avoided and overcome. It is an instance where the testimony of the physicians will play a far more important part than the sworn statements of the complainant and defendant.

*** RIGHTEOUSLY ROPED.

Execution of Edwards, the North Carolina Polygamist, Murderer and Tough Citizen Generally.

SMITHFIELD, N. C., February 14.—John Edwards, whose case had hung fire so long, was executed to-day in the jail-yard. He was to have swung four weeks ago, but was reprieved. He was led to the scaffold, and the rope was being adjusted when the order of reprieve came. In conversation with the writer on that day the condemned man said that he would be hanged bottom dollar that he never would be hung. This morning when he was visited by a minister, he told the reverend gentleman that it was no use exhorting him, for he felt sure that the Governor would not go back on him, and that a reprieve would come before hanging time. The preacher reminded him that he had only a few hours to live, and that he had better hurry up and prepare, for it was very doubtful about a reprieve.

At one o'clock Sheriff Toler conducted Edwards to the scaffold. The prisoner was immovable, and had little or nothing to say. The minister accompanied him. About half-past one the knot was tied, and the last thing the doomed man said was

"THAT LOOKS LIKE BIZ."

I am innocent, anyhow." In a few minutes thereafter the drop fell, and Edwards, who was very emaciated and lean, swung off like a feather. The death-throes were terrible. The body was cut down in thirty minutes after the execution, and turned over to the relatives. Edwards said if he had killed Ballard that he forgot all about it. The hanging was witnessed only by officials.

John Edwards and Kader Ballard were farmers living near each other, about three miles from this place. They had always been on friendly terms, but no one respected Edwards, and consequently there was very little social intercourse between them. On the 20th of November, 1877, Edwards bought a pig from Ballard, paying \$1.25 for the animal, and carried it home in a coffee-sack. The next day he visited Ballard again. He was accompanied by a daughter six years old, and was armed with a double-barreled shotgun. He called his neighbor out into the yard, and at once got to quarreling about the bargain that had been made the day previous. He claimed that he had been cheated, and in ten or fifteen minutes after calling shot and

KILLED BALLARD AND THEN FLED.

He was captured on the following day, hid away in the house of a concubine. The little girl was the only witness of the tragedy, and upon her evidence he was convicted. He was convicted at the Spring Term, 1878, and his counsel worked hard to have the child's testimony excluded, on the ground that she was too young to be a competent witness. But the objection being overruled, the trial went on, and the jury agreed that Edwards was guilty.

The girl said that on the way to Ballard's her "papa" talked to himself all the time, and she heard him say, "He'll whistle for it;" that he met Ballard he called him a damned liar; and that just before shooting he said, "I'll pay you!" Ballard ran to him to take the gun away, but as he took hold of it the weapon went off. There was nobody at Ballard's house at the time of the murder, and the dead body lay in the yard several hours before any one found it. The girl was by its side, and promptly told her father. There was great indignation against Edwards and

A STRONG FEELING OF LYNCHING.

Ballard was very popular. He was a man of good habits, and always got along well with his neighbors, while Edwards was unpopular and constantly in a quarrel. The latter was known for many years as a polygamist. He cohabited with seven women, calling them wives, but it is supposed that he was only married to three of them. He was forty-eight years old. At the age of twenty-one he married a young woman of respectable family. At the age of twenty-five he quarreled with his spouse, and, leaving her, eloped with a lewd woman, whom he married unlawfully. In a few months he made up with No. 1, and went back to her to live. At the age of twenty-eight he lived with a third woman, and at thirty had taken unto himself a fourth. He was running all four when there was an effort to arrest him. He fled the country and staid away until the matter quieted down; then, coming back, he continued to increase his concubines. When he was thirty-five he married unlawfully a woman of easy virtue, and by the time that he was thirty-eight he

HAD TAKEN UNTO HIMSELF SEVEN WOMEN.

He was cohabiting with all of these women. He said there was no harm in it; that better men than he had done that way in ages gone, and that he expected to have twelve wives before he was dead. Each of the women bore him children, and in all he begat thirty-seven, most of whom still live. In the last few years Edwards had the women living in the same community, and used to take turns about visiting them. They all knew his crime, but those who had any conscience reconciled it on the ground that Mormonism was right.

Edwards was a man of small stature, and weighed at the time of his arrest only ninety-nine pounds.

Upon his conviction, the Court sentenced him to be hung in June, but he took an appeal, and at a new trial last fall the same verdict was rendered, and the Court sentenced him to swing on January 17th, but a reprieve was granted till to-day. It is thought that he killed a man four years ago, but he was not arrested.



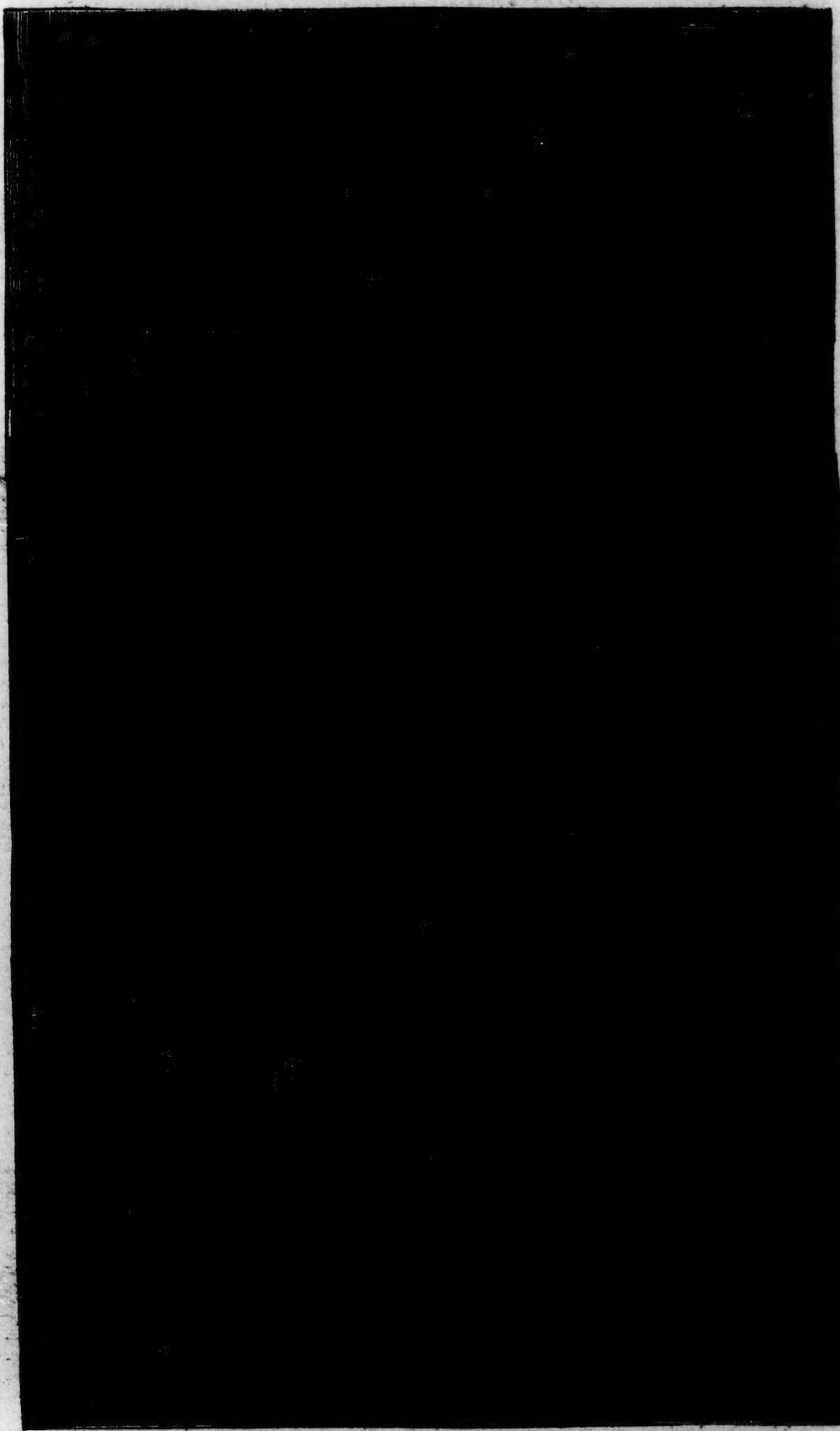
THE PATTON-HORN SCANDAL, DAYTON, O.—THE EX-SHERIFF, BEING SURPRISED, WITH HIS ALLEGED VICTIM, IN THE EICHELBERGER HOUSE, DURING A POLICE VISITATION TO ENTRAP HIM, MAKES AN UNDIGNIFIED EXIT BY THE WINDOW.—SEE PAGE 3.



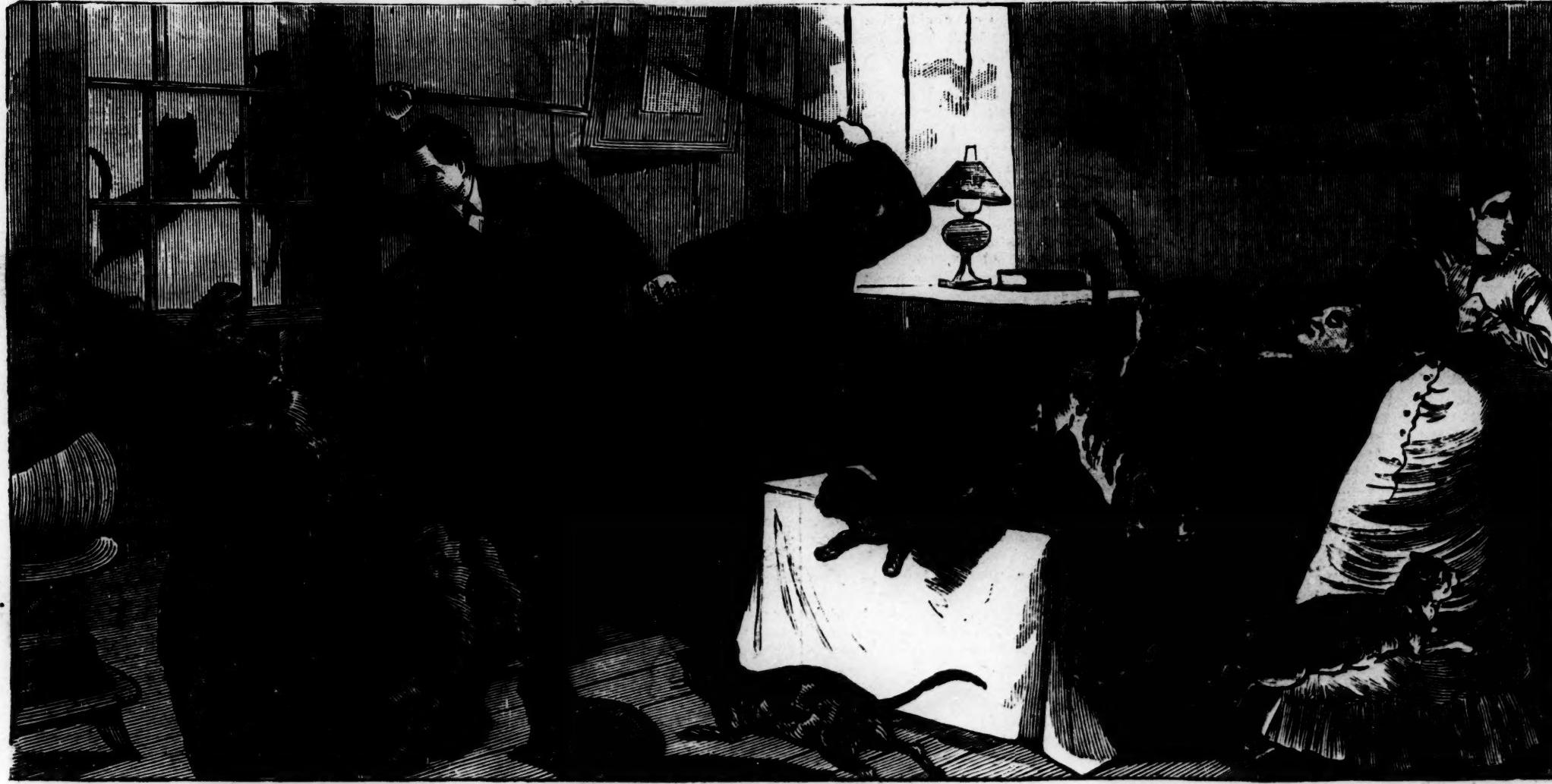
THE CORA SAMMIS TRAGEDY, NEW YORK CITY—HOUSE IN EAST TWENTY-SEVENTH STREET, WHERE THE UNFORTUNATE GIRL DIED—MISS STEELE, ANOTHER ALLEGED VICTIM, SECRETLY REMOVED FROM THE HOUSE AT NIGHT—MRS. BERTHA BERGER, ACCUSED OF MALPRACTICE.—SEE PAGE 6.



A WISCONSIN LUMBERMAN, AMUSING HIMSELF BY RIDING ASTRIDE OF LOGS, DOWN A SNOWY INCLINE, IS CARRIED OVER A FRIGHTFUL PRECIPICE, ON LEWIE'S MOUNTAIN, WIS.—SEE PAGE 12.



MR. JAMES McARDLE, BEING AROUSED BY BURGLARS, ARMS HIMSELF WITH A HEAVY CLUB AND GIVES THE INTRUDERS A WARM RECEPTION AS THEY ENTER BY THE WINDOW, NEW YORK CITY.—SEE PAGE 18.



SINGULAR AND GHASTLY INCIDENT IN A DEATH CHAMBER.—A NUMBER OF CATS ENTER A ROOM IN WHICH A CORPSE IS LAID OUT AND SAVAGELY ATTACK THE ATTENDANTS, WHEN PREVENTED FROM FEEDING ON THE BODY, AT NEW ALBANY, IND.—SEE PAGE 5.

CURRENT CRIME.

Weekly Calendar of Conspicuous Offenses
Against Person and
Property.

MURDER'S UGLY RECORD,

As Exhibited in the Cases of Meliske and Reed, Two Texan Killers of the Most Approved Pattern,

AND THEIR WORTHY COMPEERS.

A BRIEF RESPISE.

Henry Schlenker was sentenced in Lincoln, Neb., three months ago, to be hanged March 7, for the murder of Florence Booth, a lewd woman, his mistress. The case was recently appealed to the Supreme Court, and the 20th of March has been set to review the trial, which gives the prisoner a few days' lease of life.

SINGULAR SHOOTING AFFAIR.

DAYTON, O., February 17.—Mary Koogler, twenty-one years old, residing three miles east of this city, while standing in the front door of her home yesterday evening, was shot in the face by an unseen and unknown person. The wound, while it is not necessarily fatal, is a painful one. The affair causes great excitement in the immediate vicinity.

BUTCHER KIBBS' DEATH SENTENCE.

SHERMAN, Texas, February 17.—One Kibbs, who murdered an English family of man, wife, son and daughter, in 1876, has been sentenced to death, in the Cook County District Court. The Sheriff and posse repelled a party attacking the jail for the purpose of lynching the prisoner. One of the attacking party was killed. About forty shots were exchanged.

A NEGRO PREACHER KILLED.

CINCINNATI, O., February 16.—At Madisonville, near this city, last night, Rev. Peter Waite, colored, was shot and killed by Andrew Endry, also colored. The latter is in the employ of Charles Jewett, a farmer, and had been left in charge of the house. Waite, approaching in the dark to see the servant girl, was hailed by Endry, but refused to answer, and moving around in a suspicious manner, was shot, dying in an hour.

SLAUGHTERED BY REDSKINS.

DEADWOOD, Dak., February 19.—James Brady and Frank Hannan, two freighters, were killed by Indians on the 17th inst., on the Fort Pierre route, about fifty miles from Rapid City. Brady was killed instantly. Hannan succeeded in reaching a ranch two miles distant from the scene of the attack, where he died a few hours later. The Indians mutilated Brady's body and set fire to his clothing.

AN ALLEGED PUT UP JURY.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., February 17.—In the case of Ed. Clayton, charged with the murder of Chris. Ketzel, the jury returned a verdict of guilty, with penal servitude for five years. That the jury was partly put up is boldly asserted, and the result of the trial produces some astonishment. The determined spirit displayed by the better element of the jury is said to have been such that those who, it is understood, would have hung the jury were forced to acquiesce in a compromise.

ALLEGED MURDERER ACQUITTED.

PEORIA, Ill., February 14.—The jury in the case of Patrick Finley, indicted for the murder of August Schingel, which has been on trial in the Circuit Court the last four days, found a verdict this morning of not guilty, after being out only ten minutes. The young attorney employed to assist in the prosecution made a long argument yesterday afternoon. This morning the attorneys for the defendant announced they had nothing to say. Instructions were then given and the jury retired, with the result above stated.

A WIFE'S TREACHERY REWARDED.

On Monday, the 17th inst., Orrin Lamkin and his wife went to Monroe, Mich., for the purpose of raising some money on a mortgage. Having succeeded and Mrs. Lamkin having the money, she told her husband he would make a few purchases and then rejoin him. He did not see her again till yesterday, when she returned and confessed that she had been to Detroit, with one David Lake; that the latter had taken the money and then abandoned her. After the confession he seized a bottle of bed-bug poison and drank a portion of its contents. She now lies at the point of death.

WANTON HUMAN SLAUGHTER.

CINCINNATI, Ohio, February 15.—Charles Bobo, a well and widely known river pilot, was fatally shot at Walnut Hills last night. He was drunk when the shot was fired, and had been wandering around from house to house trying to kick down the doors. One of the residents called a private watchman, Tony Cavanaugh, who came to arrest Bobo. The latter turned and walked away. Cavanaugh ordered him to stop, and immediately fired. The ball entered Bobo's stomach, producing a fatal wound. There is great indignation against Cavanaugh for his unseemly rashness. He is the son of a wealthy grocer on Fifth street.

A CRUEL DEED.

Peter O'Rourke, indicted for murder in the first degree for killing Edward Sullivan, a lad of eleven, was placed on trial in the General Sessions, on the 19th. It appears that O'Rourke had ordered Sullivan away from a barge on which he was working and upon Sullivan's refusal to go threw a brick, which struck Sullivan on the head, knocking him into the river. The body of the boy was found in the Brooklyn Morgue on the following day. "Did O'Rourke try to save Sullivan from drowning?" asked Assistant District Attorney Bell of one of the witnesses. "He did not," was the answer. "I saw him pick up his pitchfork and go to work again."

A WOULD-BE ASSASSIN'S EXCUSE.

FITCHBURG, Mass., February 17.—In the police court

this morning George W. Abbott waived examination on a complaint for assaulting Jane Wetherbee with intent to kill, on Saturday afternoon, and was held in \$5,000 for appearance at the superior court in May. Abbott is a married man, and has been living with the Wetherbee woman in Springfield. The woman left him last week, taking with her all his furniture, silver, etc., and he followed her to this city to induce her to return. Meeting her on the street he asked her about the furniture, but she refused to have anything to do with him, and he drew his revolver and fired at her, the shot failing, however, in its mission. Abbott says he is not guilty and that he loves her too much to hurt a hair of her head.

SLAIN BY HIS GUEST.

MENASHA, Wis., February 14.—A terrible tragedy was enacted on the outskirts of the city last evening. A man named Oleson invited a young fellow named George Hammer and his mistress to his house, and during the evening an altercation sprang up, resulting in Oleson seizing an ax and attempting to drive Hammer from the house. The latter turned upon his assailant and inflicted a severe pounding, leaving him insensible on the floor. Hammer put a pillow under his head, and then took his mistress and left the place, stopping at a physician's office and telling him that he better go down and see if the old man was much hurt. The physician, in company with others, went to Oleson's house and found him lying dead upon the floor. Hammer was immediately arrested.

A DARKY'S DIABOLISM.

HUNTSVILLE, Tex., February 14.—For some time Rufus Irving, colored, has been jealous of his wife. In a fit of rage to-day he deliberately drew a pistol and shot her, but not fatally. He fled, but stealthily returned to see if she was dead. Finding her still alive, he shot her again. To make sure of the work, the murderer seized a razor and drew it across the woman's throat, almost severing the head from the body. The blood spouted on the floor and against the walls, making a ghastly spectacle. She fell over dead. Irving then drew a razor across his own throat and fell beside his wife, but did not expire, and attempted to get up. At this juncture his wife's brother, aged ten years, seized a gun, and, putting the muzzle to Irving's head, literally blew his brains out.

SINGULAR REVELATION OF CRIME.

Isaac Newland, a country merchant living near Fort Wayne, Ind., started home from Fort Wayne one evening in September, 1876, getting off the cars at New Haven, the nearest station to his home. His body was found next morning in a lonely piece of woods near New Haven. He had been brutally murdered for the money, known to have been on his person when he left Fort Wayne. No trace of the murderer was found until the night of the 17th, when a courtesan, named Mary Durrer, confessed that Perry Tracey, John Garmeyer and herself murdered Newland and robbed his body of \$51. They drove out in a carriage and headed him off after he left the train. Garmeyer is dead and Tracey is serving out a life sentence for murdering one James O'Brien. The woman also states that the same persons murdered a woman named Lizzie Early four years ago, she having incurred their wrath.

A WOMAN MYSTERIOUSLY STABBED.

Annie Sullivan, who lives at 24 Oak street, sent for an officer at ten minutes to nine o'clock on the evening of the 15th, and told him she had just been stabbed by an Italian named Michael Marrac, who is a tenant in the same house. She said she had gone down into the yard, and was drawing a pail of water from the hydrant when Marrac came into the yard from the street with several companions. She declares that she had never had anything to say to him or to do with him. Why he should stab her she could not conjecture. He is a married man and lives with his wife. He was arrested. When brought to the police station he denied all knowledge of the stabbing, and several of his companions declared that he could not possibly be the criminal. The was taken to the Chambers Street Hospital, where an examination showed two wounds just over the left hip. One of them was declared to be deep and dangerous.

GORE IN THE KITCHEN.

MEMPHIS, Tenn., February 17.—The guests who were quietly eating their supper to-night at the Peabody Hotel were startled by the report of two pistol shots fired in rapid succession in the kitchen, which adjoined the large dining hall. It was soon ascertained that a difficulty between Joe Wallace, one of the waiters, and James Logan, a pantryman, had terminated in the shooting of Wallace. Logan, after the firing, jumped from the pantry window to the roof below, a distance of about fifteen feet, and made his way to the cellar, where he was found by the police. Wallace is in a dangerous condition. One of the balls entered his side and imbedded itself in his bowels. His physician says the wound is mortal. The pistol used was a Sharp's four-barreled, and Logan was in the act of shooting a third time when Colonel Galloway, the proprietor, caught the pistol from his hand. The two had quarreled in the afternoon, at which time Wallace had threatened Logan's life. Wallace hails from St. Louis.

A MURDEROUS MULATTO.

ST. CHARLES, Mo., February 17.—An atrocious murder occurred on the 15th, at the farm of Mr. Tom Stonebraker, who lives on the prairie about ten miles below town. Jim Matson, a Swede, was killed by a mulatto who goes by the name of "Tom." The particulars, so far as can be learned, are these: Mr. Stonebraker had gone to his father-in-law's, a few miles distant, and left the farm in the care of his two hired men, Matson and the mulatto. Some time during the morning Matson told the negro to carry some slop to the pigs, which the negro refused to do, saying that Matson was not his "boss," and that if he wanted the pigs fed he would have to do it himself. After this the negro went off and in a short time came back with a shot-gun. He then went around the house, looking for Matson. As soon as he caught sight of him he raised the gun and fired, shooting him in the head and killing him instantly. The gun was loaded with buck-shot. As soon as Mr. Stonebraker heard of it he came to town and informed Sheriff Ruenzi, who im-

mediately started off in pursuit. There is a strong feeling of indignation against the murderer.

FATALLY STABBED BY A "RUNNER."

About six o'clock on the night of the 19th, Alexander Brown, Alfred Norris and Duncan Guthrie, sailors, were sitting at supper in the forecastle of the British steamer Glenroy, lying at pier 45, East River. Patrick H. Walsh boarded the vessel and went to the forecastle. He said he was a runner for J. W. Behan, clothier, at 39½ South street, and solicited trade. The sailors told him that they did not want any clothing. "You have no business to go anywhere else to buy your clothes," Walsh said; "I have the trade of this ship from the captain." A quarrel ensued, and the sailors finally put Walsh out of the forecastle. He drew a two-bladed pocket-knife and stabbed Guthrie twice in the abdomen and once in the region of the heart, inflicting fatal wounds. Brown and Norris saw him draw the knife, but the stabbing was done before they could interfere. Walsh was arrested. He had thrown his knife overboard. He denied having stabbed any one. Walsh has often been implicated, the police say, in shooting and cutting affairs.

THE CHATHAM SQUARE TRAGEDY.

The trial of Angelo Spagnolo in the Court of Oyer and Terminer, for the murder of Mathew Drake, was ended on the 19th. Judge Barrett in charging the jury explained the change made a few years ago in the law as to the two grades of murder, so that now an intentional killing with premeditation and deliberation was murder in the first degree, while such intentional killing without the element of deliberation was murder in the second degree. The Court reviewed the testimony, showing that the prisoner had a fight with Drake on November 13th, the day before the murder, and had been afterward seen apparently lying in wait for him. He was identified as the man who had stabbed Drake in the back at Chatham Square, and when he was arrested a few moments after, two blocks away, a knife red with blood lay near him. The jury retired at nine o'clock P.M., and at eleven o'clock came in and announced their verdict of guilty of murder in the second degree. Spagnolo, when asked through an interpreter what he had to say, answered, "I wish Almighty God would come down and give his testimony that I was not near the man that morning." Judge Barrett sentenced him to imprisonment in the State Prison for life. Spagnolo received it with indifference.

AUDACIOUS EXPLOIT OF ROAD AGENTS.

BISMARCK, D. T., February 19.—Brevet Colonel Rice and Lieutenant Fred. Sibley of General Miles' regiment, and Morris Cahn, of Evansville, Ind., with an escort of seven men, were surprised by four black-masked road agents on the Yellowstone. Five of the military party were in an ambulance and five were on horseback, leisurely following in the rear. They were moving along through a storm. As the ambulance dived into one of the characteristics cooleys of the country the travelers were covered with four Winchester rifles. The boys threw up their hands and got out. While the captain of the robbers kept the drop on the captives, the other agents went through their pockets. The two officers lost \$200, and Cahn \$2,500. Cahn is a German, and he groaned audibly when the robbers of the plains got into his red traveling bag. The agents disdainfully refused to receive the officer's gold watches. They didn't want them "damn things." When the cavalrymen of the party came galloping up the agents quickly run the ambulance down back and placed one of the Yellowstone quartet on guard. The gallopers rode into the trap and were soon on the ground holding up their hands. After delivering their change, the robbers made the military stack their guns and leave unarmed. One of the soldiers returned to Fort Keogh and a detachment was started in pursuit. One of the robbers has been arrested, but not lynched. The other three are looking for a whole regiment.

A MURDEROUS PRINTER'S SENTENCE.

LINCOLN, Neb., February 17.—At ten o'clock to-day Judge Gaston sentenced James McElvoy, alias John Brown, in Court at Hastings, to be hanged May 26, for the murder of Henry Stutzman. The crime was committed on the 8th inst.; McElvoy was captured the same day and narrowly escaped lynching, being hurried off to the Kearney Jail for safety. The Judge called a special term, McElvoy was indicted, tried, convicted and sentenced, all within ten days from the time the crime was committed. McElvoy admitted the crime, but claimed self-defense. Henry Stutzman, the murdered man, was a pioneer settler of Adams county, and resided on his homestead four miles south of Hastings. On Saturday morning, the 8th inst., he was found dead in his own house, shot through the head with a rifle. This occurred about three o'clock in the morning, and at eight o'clock the deceased was discovered by a neighbor. McElvoy took Stutzman's mules and drove south, but was captured a short distance south by the Sheriff, returned to Hastings, and the same night hurried to Kearney to save him from mob violence. McElvoy's home is Irondale, Cook county, Ill., where his father's family reside. He is an only son. His age is twenty-two years, is a printer by trade, and has worked on Chicago papers. He came to Nebraska in July last, married and took a homestead. He soon left his wife and wandered about a good deal, getting into various minor difficulties until finally he killed Stutzman, who had taken him in and hospitably treated him. It is supposed the motive was robbery, as he immediately stole a span of mules.

A TWELVE YEAR OLD MURDER CASE.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., February 17.—The trial of Belfield for the murder of old Mrs. Crandall, at Brookfield, Madison county, twelve years ago, has been set down for Monday, the 24th inst., at Morrisville. The crime will be remembered as one of the most brutal on record. Mr. and Mrs. Crandall lived alone and were reported as being worth considerable money, which they had invested in bonds. These they kept concealed about the house, against the advice of friends. One night before the couple had retired the house was entered by burglars, one of whom suddenly confronted them and demanded to know where the bonds were concealed. The old gentleman demurred, but the wife finally advised him to give up the property

in order to save their lives. Crandall seemed to accede and arose, stepped into an adjoining closet, returning with a club, with which he at once vigorously attacked the robber, supposing he was the only one in the house. The old man fought desperately, and was on the point of overpowering his antagonist when he received a blow from another burglar who had stolen into the room behind him. He was felled to the floor and was left for dead. He remained in an insensible condition for some time, but finally recovered. In groping about the house he came across the body of his wife lying dead on the floor. A short time since Belfield was arrested for some crime, and it was suspected that he might know something of the Crandall murder, as he was a member of the famous Loomis gang of horse thieves, who had infested Madison and Oswego counties for twenty years. The old man Crandall finally saw and recognized Belfield as one of his assailants on that fatal night.

A CONDEMNED WIFE MURDERER'S NEW PLEA.

HARRISBURG, Pa., February 17.—The counsel of Hezekiah Shaffer, of Franklin county, whose execution is fixed for March 18, have requested a special meeting of the Board of Pardons in order that they may have an opportunity to prove his innocence of the murder of his wife, who was killed early on the morning of February 21, 1878. The theory of the commonwealth at the trial was that Shaffer had murdered his wife by beating her on the head with a number of implements, among them an ax and a bootjack, and that the crime had its inspiration in a spirit of lust, he having, according to his statements to a number of persons, had improper intercourse with a woman in the neighborhood, and had determined to get rid of his wife. It was also contended by the commonwealth that when the relatives of the deceased first visited the scene of the murder, in response to the alarm of the husband, the large quantity of blood on her garments had dried, thus showing that she had been dead a considerable time, a theory widely at variance with that of the defense. The application for a pardon or commutation of death sentence to imprisonment for life, which will be formally argued before a special meeting of the Board of pardons shortly, is based on recently-discovered testimony tending to show that Mrs. Shaffer fell down-stairs on a couple of axes at the bottom and thus received thirty-odd wounds on her body. The evidence of one of the witnesses (a woman) is that Mrs. Shaffer told her a year and a half ago that she expected to fall down-stairs and kill herself during the absence of her husband, owing to frequent attacks of illness. She also states in her deposition that Mrs. Shaffer spoke of her husband's kindness to her. Several other witnesses swore that her face was still warm when they inspected it, and blood was discovered on a fence over which Shaffer had jumped when running for the doctor, the object of which testimony was to show that the death was of very recent origin. The sentiment of the community in which the crime was committed is overwhelmingly against the prisoner, who is believed, in addition to having beaten his wife to death, to have administered poison to her a few days previously.

A Revolting Crime.

CINCINNATI, Ohio, February 18.—About three o'clock this afternoon, when the children of the lowest grade of a district school in the western part of the city were on their way home, two of them, named Hattie Holberg and Annie Johannes, six years old, were accosted by a man who asked them to go with him and get some candy. They consented, and he led them away to the western part of the city, out on a dump in Mill Creek Valley, away from sight and hearing of any residence, and then took them down the steep bank of the dump into a secluded spot. All this time he kept saying he would get them some candy. He told Hattie to remain where she was, and then took Hattie a little way off, out of sight. Here he stuffed a handkerchief into her mouth and committed a beastly outrage upon her person. This accomplished, he fled. The girls were unable to climb up the steep embankment, covered as it was with snow, and were left alone in the snow and cold. Their pitiful cries were unheard, and but for the chance that at eight o'clock a laborer heard them they might have perished there during the night. Meantime their parents had applied to the police and were using every possible means to find their children, whom they supposed had been kidnapped, as some of the other children told of their going away with a strange man. Hattie Holberg is fearfully injured, and unless the inflammation will not recover. The four hours' exposure in the snow, the shock and the fright as the two little ones found night coming on, and they lost and entirely helpless, make her condition less hopeful. The children are able to describe perfectly a well-known young man, a painter, but by mistake of a policeman he was notified that he was wanted, and managed to escape.

Exciting Murder Trial.

MARTINSVILLE, Ind., February 18.—The trial of Linn Runnels, charged with the murder of John Radcliffe, whose body was found near a corn-crib on his farm, horribly mutilated, January 19, commenced yesterday. The jury is composed of the most influential and intelligent citizens of Morgan county. The evidence to-day was circumstantial, but strongly against the prisoner. The main feature has been that the tracks made to and from the place where the body was found were fitted by the boots taken from the feet of the prisoner, being identified by peculiar-shaped soles and tacks. The testimony shows that two shots were fired in quick succession in the direction where the body was found, and Mrs. Radcliffe testifies that she saw Runnels going in that direction with a gun on his shoulder.

At Havana, Ill., on the night of the 15th, Adam Marquardt, a merchant tailor, was entering his yard on going home from his store at ten o'clock at night, he was knocked down by some one who had hidden in the yard, but his screams scared the rascal off before he accomplished his designs of robbery. Who the fellow was no one as yet knows. Mr. Marquardt is in a very critical condition.

AUDACITY'S ACME.

A Wealthy Lady Assaulted, Garroted and Robbed of her Diamond Earring on Fifth Avenue,

IN BROAD DAY-LIGHT,

Amid a Throng of People, Who, With her Companion, Are Paralyzed By the Bold Attack of the Thief,

WHO ESCAPES WITH HIS PLUNDER.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A daring highway robbery was committed on Friday, 14th inst., in broad daylight on Fifth avenue, which at the time was crowded with people. Mrs. De Bary, whose husband, Adolph De Bary, is a member of the firm of Frederick De Bary & Co., wine and liquor importers at 43 Warren street, started out to walk in Fifth avenue, from her residence at 15 West Fifty-second street, at five o'clock P.M., Miss Annie Swan, a young lady friend, accompanying her. It was still bright daylight, and the ladies sauntered toward Forty-third street. Fifth avenue was crowded with carriages and the sidewalks were thronged with promenaders. Immediately behind Mrs. De Bary and her companion walked an elegantly dressed young man, apparently idly.

WATCHING THE PASSERS-BY.

The ladies had noticed him, but paid no particular attention to his actions.

Mrs. De Bary, who was elegantly dressed, wore in her ears a pair of very beautiful diamond ear-rings, a wedding present, highly prized, and worth more than \$2,000. The sparkle of the gems had apparently attracted the notice of the stranger. Just as the ladies reached the corner of Forty-third street, Mrs. De Bary felt both her ears suddenly seized from behind and violently pulled. She screamed with pain, and tried to turn around. Miss Swan turned, saw the well-dressed young man clutching the diamond earrings, and saw him twist them sharply. In a moment, and before she could recover from her astonishment, he was gone. One of the jewels had disappeared, and Mrs. De Bary's right ear was torn and bleeding.

The ladies saw the thief run through Forty-third street toward Fourth avenue.

AT THE TOP OF HIS SPEED.

Miss Swan cried, "Stop that man," and a crowd of men, some of whom had witnessed the robbery, started in pursuit, while others assisted. Mrs. De Bary, weak and trembling from fright, to a seat on a stoop near by, whence she was shortly after taken to her home in the carriage of a friend. The robber outran his pursuers, and disappeared in a crowd at the Grand Central Depot, slipping past a pair of policemen. An officer on Fifth avenue seeing the chase, inquired of Miss Swan the cause of the excitement, too late to be of any use.

Mrs. De Bary was much prostrated by the excitement of the assault. She stated that the thief pulled at the ear-rings so violently that she thought both her ears were pulled off. After pulling off one of the rings she shook her roughly by the shoulders.

AN IF TO THROW HER.

She agreed that the man was young and good-looking.

Miss Swan went to the Central Office on the night of the occurrence with Mr. Henrique, the brother of Mrs. De Bary, and reported the robbery to Inspector Thorne. They inspected the Rogues' Gallery, and Miss Swan picked out two pictures, resembling the robber—Nos. 864 and 1,202, the latter especially she found an excellent likeness of the thief. Detective Thompson was detailed to work up the case and arrest the criminal.

It was found later, however, that the originals of those portraits are both in jail, and the identification, therefore, erroneous, and the search was continued further.

On the evening of the 18th, Captain Byrnes, of the Mercer street police, and Detectives Slevin and Dolan arrested David Pender, alias "Davy the Kid." He was afterward identified positively by Miss Swan, Mrs. De Bary's companion, as the thief.

Captain Byrnes met him on the Bowery, near Grand street. He was walking quietly along, but, seeing the Captain, quickened his pace. The Captain was upon him in an instant, and seized him by the left arm. The prisoner is a small man, and confident of his ability to hold him the Captain did not observe him closely enough to see the movements of his right hand. Detective Slevin, who was on that side, saw it go into his pocket and seized a pistol from it as he drew it out.

Mrs. De Bary was too ill to be subjected to the attempt to identify him.

The prisoner described himself as David Pender, eighteen years old, and a salesman. He is, however, fully twenty-five, and has beside his criminal and prison experiences been twice married.

Another Victim of the Abortionist.

POUGHKEEPSIE, N.Y., February 17.—Jennie Passmore, a pretty young lady twenty-five years of age, two years ago left her father's house, in Marlborough, Ulster county, ostensibly to visit friends in Staatsburg. Yesterday morning a wagon containing her dead body was driven through the village to the Episcopal churchyard. As no grave had been dug, the driver left his load on the frozen snow and drove away. A report was quickly circulated that Jennie had been betrayed by a young man in this city, and that her death was caused by malpractice. A couple of grave-diggers were procured, and the father, brother and sister of the dead girl stood and looked on as the men worked. Philip A. Passmore, the father of Jennie, is a tailor by occupation and has resided in Marlborough twenty-two years. Jennie, when she left home, instead of going to Staatsburg, came to

this city. She secured work in a shirt manufactory, and while working there became acquainted with Isaac Leary, a young carpenter, said to be a man of means. A few months ago she left the factory and engaged in dressmaking, but was unsuccessful. Last Wednesday Miss Passmore left her boarding house, saying she was going on a visit and would return the following Friday. On Saturday a colored woman called at the boarding house and told the landlady that Jennie was dead. Later Jennie's brother called at the house and asked to see the corpse. On learning that the body was not there he left. He was afterwards told that Jennie had died with spotted fever. It appears that the girl instead of going to Staatsburg went to the house of a notorious woman named Ab. Cable, where she gave premature birth to a child.

The post-mortem held by Drs. Parker and Otis yesterday established the fact that deceased died from the effects of malpractice. Coroner Frost held an inquest to-night, but no arrests have yet been made.

A JANGLED JUROR.

Singular Episode in the Half Tried Smith Murder Case on Account of the Sudden Insanity of One of the Jurymen.

The proceedings in the trial of Mrs. Jennie R. Smith and Covert D. Bennett, which, after many postponements, were begun only on the 10th in the Hudson County (N.J.) Court of Oyer and Terminer, in Jersey City were abruptly brought to a close on Monday, the 17th, because of the sudden lunacy of one of the jurors. The juror who is *non compos mentis* is Herman Dueben, a German, who keeps a lager beer saloon in West Hoboken, in the vicinity of the car depot, and the cause of his derangement is said by some of his fellow jurymen to have been the sight of the ghastly and bloody clothing of the dead officer exhibited by the prosecutor in court on Friday, 14th.

On the day the jury were empaneled Dueben was notified that he had been made the father of a boy baby, and, thinking that he would be unable to see his wife or child until after the trial was concluded, he worried constantly until Sheriff Toffey gave him permission to visit his family in the company of a constable. After he returned to the jury-room he was perfectly rational up to the Friday night in question, when John Gehm, the fifth juror, who is also a German, said to him in their room, "Well, Dueben, what is your idea about the case now?" Dueben drew back in horror and said in German, "Don't speak to me about it."

"THE BLOODY CLOTHES HAVE FRIGHTENED ME." He appeared to be wandering in his mind all day Saturday, the following day, and when spoken to on any subject answered in an incoherent manner. Frequently he turned to other members of the jury and exclaimed, "They won't hang me now; get off my head!"

That evening Sheriff Toffey was notified of the man's condition and he sent for Dr. Bird. The physician went to the hotel where the jury were kept and saw the man. He considered him somewhat demented and prescribed something to rid him of his nervousness. Dueben continued to act in a strange manner, and on Sunday he was taken with the other jurors to the Simpson Methodist Episcopal Church. During the services he cried and moaned, and occasionally broke out into a laugh. Constable Koelble and Dr. Bird walked about the street with him for an hour, thinking that the exercise would benefit him, but it apparently had no effect, and word was telegraphed to Judge Knapp.

At the hour of opening court on the morning of the 17th, the court-room was as crowded as on the previous days. The story of Dueben's insanity having been circulated speculation was rife as to what action the Court would take in the premises. Judge Knapp was in close consultation with his associates up to half-past eleven, when he left his chamber and took his place on the bench, followed Judge Garretson and Associate Judges Quaife and Brinkerhoff. Judge Knapp informed counsel that Herman Dueben, one of the jurors, was suffering from some mental delusion, and on Sunday he was taken with the other jurors to the Simpson Methodist Episcopal Church. During the services he cried and moaned, and occasionally broke out into a laugh. Constable Koelble and Dr. Bird walked about the street with him for an hour, thinking that the exercise would benefit him, but it apparently had no effect, and word was telegraphed to Judge Knapp.

REPORTED THAT HE WAS UNFIT TO SIT.

The Court asked what counsel was ready to suggest in the premises. Prosecutor McGill suggested first that the physicians be sworn, and from their testimony the Court could decide an opinion. Dr. A. Q. Bird was then sworn, and testified that Dueben was not fit to serve on the jury. Drs. Noble and Burdette gave similar opinions regarding the man. Senator Winfield suggested that another juror be called from the general panel to succeed Dueben, and that the testimony be read to him by the stenographer.

Attorney-General Stockton was of the opinion that such a course would set a dangerous precedent, and opposed the suggestion.

Judge Knapp, after declaring that Senator Winfield's suggestion could not be carried out, directed the prisoners to be brought in. They were brought from the jail by Under Sheriff Foley. The Court then discharged Dueben and directed the officers to bring in the remaining jurors. The case was explained to them and they were excused. Judge Knapp fixed Monday, March 3, when

THE TRIAL WILL BE BEGIN ANEW.

Dueben is thirty-six years of age, five feet four inches in height, with a dull, unintelligent looking countenance. He has resided in West Hoboken only a few years, and is said to have previously exhibited symptoms of insanity. His mother called for him after the Court had adjourned and took him home.

It was rumored in Jersey City that the suspension of the trial was the result of a pre-arranged plan of counsel on one side or the other, it having been known, it is said, that Dueben was insane and had been excused only recently by Judge Garretson because he appeared weak minded.

The father of Dueben said that his son never exhibited any symptoms of insanity until he had been drawn to serve on the jury, and then he frequently cried out at night, "The officers are coming for me," and he appeared to imagine that he would suffer for being a juror.

It is rumored that another juror was an inmate for some time at the lunatic asylum at Snake Hill.

SHE LIVES IN HARLEM.

An Italian Artist Claimed her as his Own, and Officer Cromie Discovered, to his Cost, What Kind of a Hair-pin she is, When he Attempted an Impudent Interference With her Love Affairs.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Geraldo Leubano, an Italian artist, five years ago left his native land and came to this country in search of health and fortune. The last named came not, but his physical condition improved under the influence of an acquaintance with Miss Katy White, a beautiful young lady of seventeen, living with her parents at 347 East 109th street. Geraldo became deeply smitten with the young beauty, who ardently returned his affection. But cruel paterfamilias vetoed the whole arrangement and sent Geraldo back to his native soil, where, in the gayeties of Venice, he strove to forget Katy and her hard-hearted father. But, amid all the fascinations of that time-honored city, the image of his first love was ever present to his "mind's eye." Deeper and deeper drank he of the fountains of dissipation. All in vain.

HE SIGNED FOR KATY.

He took passage for America, and a few weeks ago beheld the object of his affections after an absence of three years. The old love was revived, but the father of the idol was unfortunately still alive. Geraldo tried to make up with the old gentleman; told him of his home in that "sunny clime," of the flowers, the statuary, the marble terrace and the lordly halls where for generations cavaliers in plumes and haughty dames had paced with erect heads and upturned noses. Alas! Katy's parent was practical and refused to swallow the tales which had so captivated the ear of the daughter when poured in through the medium of the soul thrilling voice of the Italian suitor. On Saturday night, 15th inst., he escorted Geraldo to the front door, and then the climax came. Immediately afterward Katy put on her bonnet and started for the street. The stern parent blocked the way and asked:

"WHERE GOEST THOU?"

"I am going to meet my 'Geraldo,'" cried the damsel.

Then the father stormed and ordered her to return to her room. Katy motioned him aside and passed out into the night. The parent was not to be bluffed however, and he followed.

The night was cold, and, chancing to meet Officer Cromie, he asked the latter to keep an eye on his daughter, and if she was seen talking with any man, especially a foreigner, to bring her home, and he would assume all responsibility. Officer Cromie followed the track of the self-willed young lady with some difficulty until he reached the classic locality known as "Battle Row," a deserted spot lying on the river bank not far from 112th street. There he spied Geraldo, with his arm around Katy, who looked into her lover's face with an absorbing interest. They "walked and talked," but Officer Cromie, who is about as devoid of sentiment as Katy's father, shouted, "Come, you must get out of this." Thereupon Geraldo turned and in his hand gleamed what looked, in the distance, like a "stiletto," but on a closer view, proved to be a "dusty old clasp knife." The officer drew his club and Geraldo made a faint lunge at him, with the weapon in his right fist. Then Geraldo was "knocked down," whereupon Katy

PLANTED HER NAILS IN CROMIE'S SCALP.

The officer shouted for assistance, which soon arrived, and within half an hour thereafter both Geraldo and Katy were provided with separate cells in the Eighty-eighth street station-house.

On the following morning both stood before Justice Bibby in the Harlem Police Court. Unfortunately for the prisoner, the magistrate failed to appreciate the tender relations existing between them, and imposed a fine of \$5 upon each. The commitments were filled out and Officer Cromie beckoned the unhappy pair to follow him. Instead of obeying, Geraldo drew off the shoe from his right foot, and taking therefrom a greenback handed it to the officer. One of the commitments was then destroyed, and the officer, turning aside from Geraldo, tapped Katy on the shoulder. "Stay," cried her lover, who, removing the shoe from his left foot, produced another \$5 note and stuck it in the officer's fist. Geraldo and Katy then left the courtroom arm-in-arm. As they disappeared, a white-haired, but resolute looking old man, carrying a stout walking stick, also left the room in something of a hurry. That was Katy's father.

*** THE LADY AND THE LAWYERS.

How the Fair Defendant in a Civil Suit Outwitted the Plaintiffs' Smart Lawyers and Vamoosed With Over \$300,000 Worth of Diamonds.

A little over a year ago a young and wealthy married lady of San Francisco stopped in New York on her way to Paris. Mrs. Teresa Bell is the wife of a rich California merchant, and has spent the last year or two in traveling on the continent of Europe and in America. Mrs. Bell is described as about thirty-three years of age, tall, with regular features, auburn hair and blonde complexion. She dressed richly and with good taste, went into society a good deal and spent large sums of money in adornments of all kinds. In particular she was noted for her penchant for jewelry, and she lavished large sums in gold ornaments of the richest and most costly description. Her passion for diamonds was extraordinary. She had constantly in her possession large quantities of these gems, both set and unset, and the dazzling beauty and splendor of her toilettes.

MADE HER FAMOUS WHEREVER SHE WENT.

At the Liederkranz ball of last season she carried about her diamonds to the value of over \$200,000 in the form of bracelets, armlets, necklaces, and, above all, a girdle of surpassing richness and beauty.

There were three large necklaces, two of diamonds alone and a third of emeralds and diamonds. The richest of these was valued at \$50,000, and consisted wholly of diamonds of the finest lustre, strung together on links of polished gold. The front of the

necklace bore five pendants in the form of stars, the centre of each star being a solitaire stone worth \$5,000. The second necklace was also of diamonds linked with gold, with small crosses of gold, completely studded with sparkling gems, as pendants. The lowest estimate of its value was \$10,000. A third necklace was of large emeralds and diamonds, the emeralds being set at intervals of an inch or two, and the diamonds arranged in transverse rows on either side of them. The necklace was valued at \$20,000 or \$25,000. Occasionally Mrs. Bell would wear the \$40,000 necklace as a tiara and the sparkle of the big solitaires, contrasting with the dark brown of her hair, formed

A STRIKINGLY BEAUTIFUL SPECTACLE.

But the gem of the collection was the girdle and stomacher, together valued at \$125,000. The girdle, or zone, was made up of cunningly-worked links of polished gold, an inch and a half wide, and extending in a row entirely around the waist. The whole series of links was studded all over with diamonds of the most exquisite form and brilliancy, whose blaze in a half light or at dusk was lightened to the shimmer of sunlight on running water. A concealed clasp of gold terminated the girdle in front. But the girdle was eclipsed in beauty by the \$30,000 stomacher—a glittering pendant of golden crescents and stars, frosted with small diamonds and studded with solitaires, the whole dangling more than a foot below the girdle and terminating in a gold star, bearing a \$5,000 solitaire, flanked with smaller stones. In the stomacher alone were over 600 diamonds of all sizes, distributed so as to cover the entire surface of the gold with a fretwork of gems. Besides the ornaments already enumerated; Mrs. Bell had a pair of diamond bracelets and diamond armlets worth altogether \$75,000, or about \$38,000 a pair. She likewise owned the celebrated peacock's feather, made entirely of diamonds, and which was exhibited by Tiffany at the Philadelphia Exhibition. For this she is said to have paid \$22,000—the single stone forming the eye being valued at \$5,000. Besides these ornaments, aggregating in value over \$330,000, Mrs. Bell carried with her on her travels elegant toilet articles, scent bottles, etc., adorned with diamonds. She had gold birds and butterflies for wearing in her hair. These, too, were studded with rubies, emeralds and diamonds in the most

LAVISH AND COSTLY MANNER.

Although possessed of so much wealth, Mrs. Bell could hardly be called happy. Her diamonds were a constant source of trouble and annoyance to her, the danger of being robbed often counterbalancing the pleasure gained by wearing them. She was compelled to employ a courier, and in January, 1877, she engaged the services of Charles Dean, a professor of music, then residing in San Francisco. Mr. Dean is about twenty-six years of age, tall, with a dark moustache. His principal business, as he alleges, was to travel with Mrs. Bell on her tours in Europe and this country, caring for her baggage, securing rooms at hotels and last, but not least, looking after the safety of her diamonds.

Six months ago, while in Paris, Dean says he was suddenly discharged by his mistress, without cause or provocation of any kind. Thereupon he sued her in the Kings County Supreme Court for five thousand dollars, alleging that Mrs. Bell had paid him no wages and that that sum was no more than fair compensation for the anxiety and trouble he had suffered. On the application of Dean's counsel an order of attachment was granted on the 16th by Judge Donohue and the papers were placed in the hands of Deputy Sheriff Fitzpatrick, who hurried to the Hoffman House with all speed. It was known that Mrs. Bell intended leaving town and her trunks were found packed and strapped. The vigilant deputy, assisted by the plaintiff's lawyers, saw the precious tin box in which Mrs. Bell carried her diamonds untouched in the safe, and were

HAPPY THAT ALL WAS SAFE.

Mrs. Bell was allowed to depart on a midday train on the Pennsylvania Railroad, and it was not until she had got far into the neighboring state that the clever attorneys for the plaintiff scented the trick which had been played on them. It seems, by the story of her lawyers, that Mrs. Bell was apprised, some days before, of the invalidity of the suit which Dean was bringing against her. Forthwith the clever lady set to work, and, under the plea of examining her diamonds, conveyed the whole of them into her baggage, which was duly checked for San Francisco. After the tin box had been emptied of the last diamond, Mrs. Bell carefully filled it to the brim with the finest quality of canary bird seed. She gave the plaintiff good measure. When she had finished the box was returned to its place in the safe.

The scene at the Hoffman House, while the deputy and the lawyers quarreled over the precious box of bird seed is described as excessively amusing. Landlord Reed, of the Hoffman House, was driven nearly crazy. The lawyers for Mrs. Bell insisted on a delay of two hours, every minute of which was whirling Mrs. Bell and her diamonds miles further into New Jersey, where attachments could not reach her. Meantime Deputy Fitzpatrick

STOOD GUARD OVER THE PRICELESS CASKET.

At last, one o'clock, when the train containing the fair defendant had got well across the Delaware and into Pennsylvania, Fitzpatrick and the lawyers lost all patience.

"Hanged if I'm going to wait any longer," cried one of the party, reaching out his fist for the box. "Here's the order of the Court, and I want them jewels."

Amid a dead silence the box was thrust into the hands of the excited deputy. He clutched eagerly at it.

Thrilling Street Scene.

[Subject of Illustration.]

An exciting scene and the wildest commotion among the passengers of a crowded horse car was caused about half-past five o'clock on the evening of the 17th at Avenue A and Eleventh street by a runaway team bearing down upon them at lightning speed and colliding with the car, from which the passengers had fled precipitately. Thomas Concanon, driver on the Avenue A and Forty-second Street Road, found his team restive and unmanageable. It was the first trip that they had pulled in traces, and they were extremely skittish. At Eleventh street a snow plough came tearing past, scattering the snow in all directions and causing a great noise. The unruly team took fright and bolted. The driver had put on his brakes and held firmly to the reins. But the maddest horses were not to be stopped by such ordinary devices. With a bound they snapped asunder the traces, whisked the driver over the dashboard and sped down the avenue with the hapless driver still clutching the reins. He was dragged about a block and was badly bruised. In the meantime car No. 30, driven by Henry Quinn, was proceeding up the avenue, and was in the vicinity of Eighth street, when the breakneck pace of the runaway team, bearing down upon him, warned him of the approaching danger. The passengers, too, became alarmed at the situation, and they made lively time in escaping from the interior of the car, several of them, in their hurry and terror, jumping through the windows. Quinn, the driver, remained at his post. He drew his team aside, with their heads turned to the sidewalk and their bodies at right angles with the car. In a moment the runaway team, with the whiffetree pounding at their heels and goading them to renewed speed, bounded at full force against the front platform of the stationary car, demolishing the dashboard and hurling the unfortunate driver through the front door. He was rendered senseless and is seriously injured. He received an ugly scalp wound, and was badly bruised about the shoulders and knees. At first it was supposed he was killed and a stretcher was sent for to the Seventeenth Precinct Station, but before its arrival he regained consciousness and was removed to Bellevue Hospital. One of the runaway team was fatally disabled. The animal's leg was badly broken and the beast was shot.

For a long time the utmost excitement prevailed. Those who witnessed the accident spoke in the highest terms of praise of the coolness and presence of mind of the injured driver. But for the prompt manner in which he had stopped his car and thereby allowed the passengers to alight several lives might have been lost. His remaining at his post to turn his team out of danger may cost him his life. The velocity of the runaway animals was such that the dashboard was completely torn away and the horses precipitated on the platform and partially through the front door, which was also broken to pieces by the force of the driver's body being hurled against it, and landed in the interior of the car.

A Frightful Catastrophe.

[Subject of Illustration.]

[Special Correspondence of POLICE GAZETTE.]
KANSAS CITY, Mo., February 18.—About half-past seven o'clock on Tuesday morning, 11th inst., a frightful catastrophe occurred in the high cut being excavated for the extension of the Chicago and Alton Railroad at the foot of Grand avenue, in this city. Some forty-four men and four teams were engaged at work in the cut at the hour stated, when a fearful landslide occurred, a huge mass of earth, amounting to several thousand cubic yards, being detached from the top of the wall, which is ninety feet high, and, falling to the bottom of the cut, buried men and teams in a mass beneath the awful weight. The few workmen who escaped being involved in the falling earth, at once set to work vigorously to the rescue of their unfortunate fellow laborers. Before noon seven ghastly



MISS LEO LE BRUN, SERIO-COMIC ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 2.

bodies, crushed almost beyond the semblance of humanity, had been exhumed from the wreck. The names of the killed are Peter Bagley, James Hagan, Dick Ryan, Thomas Casey, Ed. Hines, Dan. Lucitt and Con. O'Kane. A number more were taken out, more or less injured, whether mortally or not, is not yet determined.

Battle With A Tarantula.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The tarantula is the desperado of the spider family, frequently attains the size of the hand, and with its great, glaring black eyes and frightful claws seldom fails to present an appearance so formidable that a sensible lady, even if used to seeing the tarantula, will scream at the sight. The tarantula is, in fact, only a big spider, and usually makes its home in the open prairie, dwelling with its family in a nest concealed beneath the tall grass. If you tackle him in his retreat you will very soon regret your temerity, for he springs at you like a tiger, jumping to an astonishing height—sometimes three or four feet. He is one of the most poisonous of the family of the *araneidae*, and his bite is said to be more fatal than that of the rattlesnake. In a settlement called Grapevine Prairie, near Fort Worth, Texas, some time ago, the son of a farmer named Featherstone was one day occupied gathering rocks on the roadside. Upon overturning a large flat rock he was suddenly confronted by a large tarantula the size of a man's hand, snugly ensconced in his nest along with a number of young tarantulas. The big one was yellow and black-striped, and displayed the same inimitable color that nature bestows on the "beautiful snake." Seizing a good-sized stick, Master Featherstone attacked the enemy in his stronghold, and was met with unexpected resistance. He succeeded in breaking off one leg, or rather claw, of the devil-fish of dry land, but the tarantula, enraged, sprang upon the aggressor, and, quick as thought, with his great black eyes glittering with fiendish ferocity, fastened himself on the boy's hand and arm. Before he could be dislodged, the tarantula had inflicted two probably fatal bites on the hand and arm, both of which subsequently swelled to three times their natural size—so virulent is the poison of this desperado of the prairies. The boy, however, succeeded in killing the tarantula.

Billings' Good Fortune.

BALSTON, N. Y., February 17.—The Court this morning announced that after consultation the Judges were unanimous in denying the motion for change of venue in the Billings murder case. This decision virtually settles the question of again trying the accused. District Attorney Ormsby states that no attempt will be made for another trial within a year at least. Billings' bail was reduced from \$30,000 to \$10,000. Jones, the witness for Billings, indicted for perjury, gave surety in \$3,000 bail to appear for trial in June.

Touching Fidelity of Two Dogs.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A few days since at El Carmen, near the hacienda Juan Franco, says the Panama *Star and Herald*, the dead body of Catalina Botello was found among the bushes. The man had been murdered by Gregorio Villamar, whom he had offended. Two dogs, which were keeping guard over their murdered master, refused for a time to permit anybody to approach it.

A Lumberman's Fatal Sport.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A wood-chopper on Lewie's Mountain, Wis., amused himself by riding astride the logs as they slid down a snowy incline, and jumping off just before they went over a precipice. The fall was 150 feet, and the danger involved in the sport fascinating to the wood-chopper; but he finally ventured too far, of course, and went down under a heavy log.



YOUNG FEATHERSTONE ATTACKED AND FATALLY BITTEN BY AN IMMENSE TARANTULA, NEAR FORT WORTH, TEX.



TOUCHING FIDELITY OF CATALINA BOTELLO'S DOGS WHO KEPT GUARD OVER THE BODY OF THEIR MURDERED MASTER, AT EL CARMEN, PANAMA.

A Ruffian's Cruel Crime.

[Subject of Illustration.]
BELLFONTAINE, Ohio, February 16.—Mat Pollock, the tallest printer in the United States, was murdered last night in a disreputable house kept by Mrs. Starchman. He went to the house about midnight, and, being well acquainted with the premises, was sitting in the kitchen talking to the proprietress, when James Barr, a quarrelsome Irishman, entered with a vicious bull-dog. The two drank whisky together, Pollock furnishing it.

Barr is a very vicious man, and while Pollock was sitting in the corner of the room near the stove he slapped him on the side of the face. Pollock begged him to stop, when Barr drew a revolver and fired, the ball just grazing his head, lodging in the wall. He then jumped on his victim, and beat and kicked him about the head and face in a terrible manner. Pollock at this time attempted to get his hat and escape, but the fiend drew his revolver the second time, and while Pollock begged him in piteous accents, "Please don't shoot;" "Oh Jim don't kill me," fired the second time, the ball entering the right ear. Pollock fell to the ground, the blood rushing from the wound in torrents, and in twenty minutes he was a corpse, while the dog licked up the blood as it flowed.

The murderer escaped and has not yet been apprehended. He has a star pricked on his hand in blue ink, and his initials, "J. B." on the same arm. Pollock was of good family, and was known all over the country by the fraternity.



BRUTAL AND UNPROVOKED MURDER OF MAT POLLOCK, THE "TALLEST PRINTER," BY A DRUNKEN RUFFIAN, BELLFONTAINE, OHIO.

An Irate Parson's Performance.

[Subject of Illustration.]

[Special Correspondence of POLICE GAZETTE.] WEST RUSHVILLE, O., February 14.—Not a little sen-

sation was created here on the evening of the 10th by the singular conduct of Rev. J. M. Adams, upon whom the sobriquet of "Rattling Jim" has been bestowed by certain of the ungodly, who has been holding a

At Bryan, Texas, on the 15th, Ezekiel Bradley, the negro who murdered a white man named Pollock, was convicted and sentenced to death.

protracted meeting at the M. E. Church. Just after preaching he happened to notice his eldest son, who was in the congregation, in the act of smiling, which so provoked his ire that he stopped the services, went down to where his son sat, and, in the presence of the large congregation, shook his fist in his son's face, reprimanding him at the same time in such a furious manner that a number left the church, thoroughly disgusted at the scene.

Warning the Cracksmen.

[Subject of Illustration.] James McArdle, of 419 West 26th street, was awakened at ten o'clock on Sunday evening, 10th inst., by voices under his window. He became convinced that thieves were intending to break into his house. He had money in his room, and, not wishing to frighten his family, quietly armed himself with a police club, and took a position close to a window. He heard the clicking of the fastening. Then the window was gently raised and two men's heads were stuck in the room. He swung his club and dealt a terrific blow on the nearest head. Springing forward, he caught the other man by the collar, and, with a blow of the club, felled him to the ground. An alarm was quickly given, but the thieves got away, leaving two blood-stained hats behind.



FRIGHTFUL CATASTROPHE FROM A LAND SLIDE, IN A CUT FOR THE EXTENSION OF A RAILROAD, KANSAS CITY, MO. SEE PAGE 12.



REMARKABLE PERFORMANCE IN WHICH REV. J. M. ADAMS AND HIS SON ARE ALLEGED TO HAVE FIGURED, WEST RUSHVILLE, OHIO.

THE PHANTOM FRIEND:

The Mystery of the Devil's Pool.

A ROMANCE OF NEW YORK CITY.

BY S. A. MACKEEVER.

Author of "PRINCE MARCO; OR, THE CHILD SLAVE OF THE ARENA," "THE NEW YORK TOMBS—ITS SECRETS AND ITS MYSTERIES," "THE S-A-M LETTERS," and "POPULAR PICTURES OF NEW YORK LIFE."

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[Written expressly for THE POLICE GAZETTE.]

CHAPTER XI.

(Continued.)

It was truly Flora Benedick, her beauty heightened, if anything, by the pallor, which overspread her countenance, and the light of the subsiding fever that had made her victim for the first two days after her strange, her almost supernatural rescue.

She was different, also, in another respect, from the proud beauty whose heart was broken when she learned of the perfidy of the man whom she had recklessly loved and whom she had considered as one who loved her. By the imperative command of the physician called, her luxuriant hair had been cut so close that it made a mass of short curly about her well-shaped head, which effect, added to her voluptuously robust form, gave her the air of a dashing young man.

As we have said, she was much more masculine in appearance than Laura, presenting a face and figure in which the hardihood and determination of the harsher sex were delightfully mingled with the sweetest expression of womanhood.

It was to her sturdy frame that she owed her quick recovery from the delirious sickness which threatened her life, after Jules had brought her home to his mother.

But why did he?

He had stopped in his narrative where he stated that when he found the young man in his arms to be a young woman he pulled the life line and had Jacques raise him and his precious burden to the surface. It was here that Flora's entrance disconcerted him. He was bashful in the presence of ladies at any time, and the sudden appearance of one he had just confessed loving threw him entirely off his guard.

The blood rushed to his face. He was indeed in deep water.

His mother, with her ready French tact, helped him out. It was she who, on this occasion, managed the life line.

"Jules was just telling me, my dear," she began, "about the way in which he first met you. It sounds like a story out of those delightful papers I used to read on Sunday afternoon in Paris. Your coming in has disconcerted him. Can he proceed?"

"Certainly," Flora answered, in a soft, low voice that still had the tremolo of sadness in it; "he saved me from a great sin, and I owe him more than I can ever pay, for he is good enough to save my sister also."

"Go on then, my son. We command you to proceed."

"It will hardly be interesting to Miss Benedick. She knows already—"

"You forget that I was insensible most of the time."

"True. Well, then, what remains to be said is this: Once in the boat with Miss Benedick, who was, as she says, insensible, we arranged her comfortably on our coasts and started for Carmanville, I intending to notify the police. In order to avoid vulgar curiosity or interruption, I took the middle of the stream. It was getting dark, and I had no difficulty in preventing observation. On the way down, owing to a drop of brandy which we forced upon her, she revived. Before knowing our purpose, she begged to be taken anywhere save to her home, or to any place that would result in her reaching there. Touched by her entreaties, and believing that she would return willingly when she had recovered from the shock, we consented, reached our wharf and Jacques got a carriage. You know the rest; it was four days ago. She has been sick; thank God, she is well."

Jules, who had become interested in his description, spoke with tell-tale energy. He looked at Flora. Two roses bloomed upon her pale cheeks, as she turned as if to arrange the collar of the rather antique dress for so stylish a young lady, which Mrs. Ange had bought out of the money Jules had received for his first venture after the body of her who stood before him.

She knew nothing of him. He had even lied to her, concealing the anguish of her father and sister, and leading her to suspect that they were still buoyed up by hope. In order to succeed in this he had kept the daily papers from her. He had no need to do this. Having so suddenly returned to the world she imagined she had left forever, its affairs did not concern her deeply.

"And so you are both here," said the diver's mother, breaking the silence.

"Yes, we are both here," Jules replied, mechanically.

"And so am I," came in a vivacious voice from a little Frenchwoman, who, finding that no one had answered her timid knock, had tried the handle of the front door, found it unfastened, and walked in.

As soon as she saw Flora she gave a scream, and, whirling around, fell gracefully into the arms of Jules, who had sprung to his feet to catch her.

It was Mother Babette.

"And you know her," gasped Flora, who was none the less surprised.

"Of course I do. She and I are old friends."

"She must not tell," said Jules, excitedly, who wanted to do everything himself.

"Never fear," Flora replied. "I will answer for that."

CHAPTER XII.

EUREKA.

It was nearing midnight on the fourth day of the events crowded into these columns, the day marked by Flick's visit to the diver, the latter's recital to his mother of his rescue of Flora, and the sudden apparition of Mrs. Babette.

Once more we are at the Devil's Pool. Jules' boat is moored above its dark waters, but the towering hills and the dense mass of the summer foliage so deepen the natural gloom that it can not be detected even from the bank.

A figure reclines upon one of the thwarts. A figure that is asleep apparently, but only apparently. It is Jacques, who has his keen eye and ready hand upon the lines running over the edge of the boat, and who never fails to pump air to a weird creature treading the deck of a sunken, rotting craft in the swirling hell below.

"I told mother I couldn't see in the dark," thought

Jules inside his armor, "and I told Jacques I was as much at home here as in my room. It strikes me I was a little wrong in the latter statement. Where the devil is that companion? It is evidently not very companionable to-night." And so speaking to himself the wary diver went groping along the deck searching for the golden treasure that was to do so much for him and the one he loved.

Let us now, at this moment, while Jules is after the steps that lead to the bunk with the shining skeleton in it and to the chest, as he sees first that the life line and another stout one with clamps attached are all right; let us see just for a glance, as transformations are sometimes pictured in the theatre, what is going on at this very time in several houses, situated widely apart, but yet bound closely together by their incidents of this story.

First picture.—Mr. Benedick's aristocratic mansion in Fifty-fourth street. In the back-parlor a young man is playing softly at the piano, and a young man is leaning over her.

He says—"It is very late, Laura, I must be gone. Do you know it is nearly midnight?

Then she sees him to the door, and after it is closed she stands irresolute in the luxurious room, and, clasping her hands, exclaims: "That second letter received to-night! What does it mean? And I do love him so!"

Second picture.—The pleasant front room at No. 1618 Leroy street. Flora, Mme. Ange and Mrs. Babette about a table on which is a nicely shaded lamp. There has been a full in the conversation. Finally Mrs. Ange says:

"Poor Jules. I hope he succeeds, but it is a terrible task, and I am afraid it will be impossible."

"I hope he does succeed, indeed," replied Mrs. Babette. "He is a good boy and deserves the best in the world."

Both old ladies glanced at Flora, who sat with her hand supporting her head, the white tapering fingers gleaming beneath the short curling hair.

Third picture.—Flick in his Carmanville house. He is looking into the dying fire of the cooking stove. On the opposite side of the room is his wife sewing.

"It beats me mother," said the Sergeant, addressing her suddenly that she ran the needle into her finger.

"What does?"

"This girl mystery?"

"What girl?" remarked Mrs. Flick who knew very well that her husband was one of the best looking men on the force, and fully qualified to belong to the Broadway squad.

"This Benedick girl—"

"Oh, bother her—she's in the Devil's Pool sure enough."

"I'm not so sure of that," Flick responded, lapsing into silence as he gazed into one of the red caverns of the fire, and thought of the letter received a few hours before in Fifty-fourth street.

Fourth picture.—The hut of Tupa Dick. He is seated at his rude table. On the back of his chair is the chicken, with its head cocked on one side. The dog is crouched at the door. Picking up a hideously featured god that had been carved out of snake root, Dick says—

"It's no use—no use. My charms will not tell me where the diamonds are."

The sound of a horse's hoof is heard upon the planks of the bridge over the railroad gorge.

"Curse them," growls Dick, "the police again; always the police."

Now we will return to the canal boat and grope with Jules. The last local train has rattled by and the light that glimmered in the depot window has disappeared. The boat gently rocks on the black waves, and the silent picture is still there.

Jules has found the companion-way at last.

"Ah!" he mentally exclaims with satisfaction. As he starts to go down he halts at the entrance.

"It was here" his thoughts ran, "here that Heaven sent me Flora. I will call her Flora, my Flora—there is no one to hinder me. She is home and I am at the bottom of the river! I have known her now just four days and it seems an eternity of happiness. But here goes."

He looks once more to his line and especially to the stout one with the heavy clamps, the very weight of which makes his descent easier, and then disappears in the still denser gloom of the miserable cabin.

In the submarine armor of imagination we will follow him. What do we see? The skeleton in the bunk that seems to outline itself with a ghostly light? Poor woman! What a mystery is attached to her as she lays there caught by a broken beam! Will the Devil's Pool ever give up this secret?

Jules is not thinking of the skeleton now. He gropes his way to the chest as he had done before, raises it as by catching hold of one of the iron handles, and hears the muffled chink that had been music to his soul the evening when Flora attempted her life.

He had carefully investigated the stories before the first of his series of dives, and became convinced they were no fables. The sound of the chest's contents did away with all doubt. It was on the occasion that Flora came to him so miraculously that he had first reached the previous box. While looking for her the next afternoon he devoted the time of his stay beneath the water to getting it away from some rubbish and bringing it nearer the opening leading to the deck.

He had intended two or three more visits previous to his grand final one, but the forced engagement with Flick to dive again for the girl, rendered as we know, immediate action necessary.

He leans over the prize and feels carefully for the iron handles, applying the clamps that he had made to fit them. Then backing up the decayed stairs, he finds the recumbent form in the shadowy boat far above him.

The line tightens. The chest moves, and if we were on the surface now we could see Jacques slowly turning a noiseless windlass as the wet rope came over the side through a groove and curled itself about the drum. As he did this, Jacques kept careful watch over the other lines, and never ceased with his free hand to keep forcing the air to the man below.

Now for Jules again. He is on the deck. Thanks to the density of the water, and the aid from the boat the box is easily managed.

When a point is reached where the taut line, that has bigger fish on it now than ever came from the Devil's Pool before, becomes perfectly perpendicular, Jules signals again and the chest sways over the deck played with by the currents.

Still another signal, and the diver disappears. He is going up to the world again, leaving the skeleton in the bunk and the dangling box on deck.

Once in the boat, a task which is only accomplished by his own immense strength, and the herculean aid of his brother, Jules eagerly asked, the moment his head gear was off:

"No one?"

"Not a soul."

"No noise?"

"Not a sound, except the last train, and the adieu of the few passengers who got off here and went up the hill."

"Good. Now we must get toward where I told you. The rock-shelves gradually there, and it will be possible to land the chest."

"It is all correct. It swings clear of the deck."

"And your lady in the bunk?"

"She is sound asleep."

TO BE CONTINUED

GLIMPSES OF GOTHAM.

The Flower Girls--All about the Daisy Dealers and Primrose Peddlers of this Vast Metropolis.

DEAR LITTLE BUTTER-CUP.

Trials and Temptations to which these Haunters of Theatre Lobbies and Bar-rooms are Exposed.

RUNNING ACROSS "PITTSBURGH" AGAIN.

BY PAUL PROWLER.

[Written expressly for THE POLICE GAZETTE.]

"Before we go any further," said Charley, as we started out last Saturday evening for our usual stroll, "let us have a *boudoirier*."

"A what?"

"A button-hole bouquet. It gives tone and fragrance to one's appearance, and is therefore a cross between a brass band and a bottle of Florida water."

Saying this, he stooped over a little board punched with holes, in which tiny bouquets nestled, and selected two of the prettiest. There was a flaring lamp that shed a light on the stock of the pretty, black-eyed girl, who, with nimble fingers and dexterous use of pins, which she seemed to take from her mouth—as if they grew there—fixed the purchases where they would do the most good in making us captivating.

"I wonder how it is," said Charley, "that all girls who sell flowers are pretty."

"Can't tell how it is," I replied, "but they should be. Still, all who traffic in flowers are not handsome."

"Name one."

"Bouquet Johnny."

"True enough, I had forgotten him. But I was speaking of the girls; they are generally prepossessing."

"At the start they are, just as the flowers they sell. But in a large city like New York the trade is a precarious one. It exposes the vendors to all sorts of temptations, insults and dangers. I am not speaking of those who in the pure sunlight sell their charming wares to the merry promenaders of Broadway, but of the peddlers of posies who transact business when the city is ablaze with gas-light, who frequent theatre lobbies, bar-rooms and even gaming houses, and who, starting in life as an innocent human lily, become too frequently a lady of the camelias."

"Take the career of an evening of a girl of this description. She starts from home at six o'clock; her basket of bouquets is upon her arm. In the gloaming she sells a few, but it is only where the gas-jets burst into brilliant bloom, that business becomes brisk. When the carriages roll to the door of the theatre she is there. When the curtain drops and the audience pours forth into the street, she is there again. Now there comes a stillness upon the city. The glow of the sky overhead fades to a dull red. New York is partially asleep. Still the flower girl plods up and down the pavement, hunting for customers. What kind of people does she come in contact with? Men they are, certainly, but they are beasts too often, none the less."

"Yes, I know," said Charley, "that is so. You mean those beasts that fight the tiger?"

"I mean them and all like them. It is to such that these venders of what has been truly called 'poems of nature,' have to speak. Can it be wondered at that their after life is too frequently a parallel of the existence of the rose which is broken from the tree, caressed a moment and then thrown in the gutter. You have heard of the flower girl of the Jockey Club?"

"Jerome Park?"

"Nonsense—of Paris."

"No, I never did."

"She began life in the humblest manner. Her sole desire was to sing songs and learn her catechism. Was not such a nature charming?"

"Angelic!"

"Under the shadow of the Madeleine she used to buy her bouquets and then sell them along the boulevards and to the swells who frequented the Champs Elysées—a most charming place, I assure you, where they drink sweetened water and listen, in the summer time, to painted women singing naughty songs about the Prussians. In time she opened a floral shop herself, and there, being very pretty, her fortune and misfortunes began. That is always the way in Paris, you know, with pretty women who have no balance wheel, no reserve of moral force. At the height of her power she was flower girl to the Jockey Club, dividing the honors of the gay world in which she moved with Cora Pearl, that eccentric Englishwoman who used to ride in the Park so divinely, and whose Saxon carpet in her boudoir was totally spoiled by the blood of the son of a millionaire pork butcher, who was fool enough to shoot himself because Cora would not accept his advances as well as his diamonds. Our flower girl was petted and praised. She was tossed about from duke to prince, and from prince to count. But her star has waned, and if she is still alive she no doubt thinks sadly of the time when she was as innocent as the flowers she offered to the elegantly dressed loungers of the boulevards."

"But come here," said Charley, "that last glass of absinthe has got complete possession of you. Take a steamer, 'in your mind,' and come back from France. Tell us something about the flower girls of this city."

WAFTINGS FROM THE WINGS.

What the Wearers of the Sock and Buskin Are Doing—The Theatrical Field in New York and Elsewhere.

SATURDAY, A. M., February 22.—When I sat down to write what I purpose shall be in this screed a desultory review of theatrical matters in New York, it was with the solemn intention of saying nothing about "H. M. S. Pinafore."

I had before me that Parisian club, where one of the rules, a few seasons back, was to the effect that a fine of five hundred francs would be imposed upon the man who would dare to whistle any thing from "La Fille de Madame Angot."

That was only the case of *meille*.

In New York it's her sisters, and her cousins and her aunts also.

But neglecting the "Pinafore" is impossible. From a ship she has become a fleet. Outside of New York city there are about a score of companies sailing up and down the road-ways of the provincial circuits. Undoubtedly a great many of them will get wrecked, and then we will have the singular spectacle of hardy tars walking home to New York.

Did you ever reflect upon the fact that New York is always home to the nomads who cannot settle anywhere else? (The word settle is used in connection with the board-and-bill idea, which is entirely different from the bill-and-board invention.)

Take a disbanded variety troupe, for instance. Shivering out in Michigan, or shaking with ague in Indiana, they piteously cry, "I want to go home." And when they get here, in a great many cases, home means the lunch end of a Houston street beer-saloon counter.

I took occasion to see all the "Pinafore" in New York waters, and can unhesitatingly say that the Standard's is the best, while Niblo's was the worst. Nothing, in fact, could have been worse than the "Pinafore" at Niblo's. It was so bad, in fact, that, by an operation of the peculiar law of negative compensation, it was good. I laughed very heartily. The actors guyed their parts all the way through. I had as much fun as any body. It ran but a week, and gave way to charming Katie Putnam, who appeared as *Little Nell* and the *Marchioness*, in a wretchedly vile adaptation of Dickens' "Old Curiosity Shop." If I had my way I would insist upon people who undertake the roles of a novel's characters reading that novel. I may be mistaken, of course, but, outside of Mr. Coleman, who played *Quilp*, and Mr. Peters, who essayed *Sampson Braus*, I am of the opinion that no one in the cast had ever read the charming story.

While at Niblo's I had an opportunity, owing to a break in the scenery, of seeing them busily wielding the brush high up on the swinging paint bridge, getting their lace work in for the "Black Crook," which is to be revived in the most dazzling, gorgeous, resplendent and utterly regardless of expense style imaginable.

This will be glorious news for the bald-headed men who sit in the front rows of Niblo's Garden on all such occasions as the revival of a play like the "Black Crook."

George, the Count Joannes, will be there to a certainty—that is, if Avonia allows him. The last recollection I have of the "Black Crook," when it made the boards of Niblo's tremble, was a dazzling array of ballet girls with pink legs, a lime light, an Amazonian march, and the Count on the end seat next the box, front row, right hand side, calmly taking it all in with the aid of an eyeglass.

To pull back to the "Pinafore" for a moment, I cannot leave that remarkably fine specimen of naval architecture without commenting pleasantly upon the burlesques which have been so creditably produced by the San Francisco Minstrels and Tony Pastor. Each is excruciatingly funny. Harrigan and Hart, I understand, contemplate an American "Pinafore," wherein Mr. Robeson shall be roasted. If it proves as comically enjoyable as the "Mulligan Guard Ball" it will be another success.

In the meantime every one is disappointed about Arthur Sullivan going to Rome, Italy, instead of coming to New York, as was at first announced.

The "Sorcerer"—his work—and that of W. S. Gilbert, was produced at the Broadway last Friday night. It had been announced for Monday, and then Tuesday, and eventually Wednesday, and so on until it was positively stated that it would be produced in a very few days. Friday night was not the best in the world because it was the occasion of the Arion Ball and the ladies who were dressed for the masquerade could not possibly shine at the Broadway. Still there was a good and somewhat brilliant house, which received the work with enthusiastic pleasure. I shall speak of it more fully another time.

No sooner was it announced at the Broadway than it was also announced at the Lyceum. When Chandos Fullerton heard it he shrugged his shoulders. I said:

"Well, I suppose that what is 'Sorcerer' for the goose is 'Sorcerer' for the gander."

It was very neat, but he did not specify who was the goose.

At the Lyceum Theatre, a Mr. Paulding, son of an American army officer, has been doing very well as *Bertuccio* in the "Fool's Revenge."

Mr. Booth has not, so far as reported, committed suicide. When the "Sorcerer" has had its sway at the Lyceum there is some talk of giving an amateur journalistic representation there of "Richelieu." It will be for the benefit of some charitable institution.

When this was told a friend of mine, he said:

"So the newspaper boys are really going to play 'Kicheleit'!"

"They are?"

"And what for?"

"For the poor."

"Ah, they are taking a benefit."

The Bowery Theatre did a neat stroke of business in inviting the school children to visit the representations of "Nathan Hale; or, The Martyr Spy of the Revolution," and the Board of Education made an use of itself in opposing the distribution of tickets by the principals. I saw "Nathan Hale" and I am convinced that, although it is a crude play, somewhat hurriedly put together, there is not a line in it, or a situation, that can do other than to educate the school children, and bring vividly before them, the value, the beauty and the poetry of a patriot's life. At the last meeting of the sapient Board a report was read, from which the following is an extract:

"Your attention is called to the fact that in some of the schools theatre tickets have been distributed to the pupils, in my judgment not only unwarrantably and indiscreetly, but contrary to previous practice and express policy of the Board. The schools in which this distribution was made, so far as I have obtained information, are No. 2, male and female departments; No. 7, male department; No. 24, male department, and Primary Schools Nos. 2 and 8. Several of the principals, I am glad to be able to report, positively declined to distribute these tickets, as I should have done, for I consider the act of giving to the pupils of our schools tickets of admission to a theatre deserving of the severe reprobation of the Board."

If that isn't rot, I don't know when I see it. I have been a school-child myself, and I know that I used to be only too glad to crawl under the tent at the circus, or occupy a

top-seat in the gallery where "Jack Sheppard" was being played. At that time I wanted to be a highwayman or a pirate, and deliberated a long while before I made a compromise and became a journalist. I didn't have an opportunity to see that my proper position was that of a patriot. When "Nathan Hale" inculcates this idea, a good thing is done, and when a Board of Education says that the children shall not have tickets for the half holiday, then that Board of Education, as I have previously remarked, makes a fool of itself.

At the Grand Opera House Mr. Miller has tried all he could to crush Elizabeth Von Stawitz, but owing to the irrepressible energy of that magnificent woman, she towers above the worst play I ever saw, and makes a quasi-success of what should be the most complete failure.

No change at the Union Square, where the "Banker's Daughter" still draws immensely.

The sign, "Standing room only," is being worn out by frequent use.

Miss Florence Ellis appears at the Globe. The play is "Nanette Labarre."

"Spell Bound" is the name of the new play at Wallack's. Otherwise it is "Pauline." I don't like "Spell Bound" as a title any more than I don't like "Pauline." Still I am not the man who is going to lose the money on it. Mr. Boucicault is the author—by brevet. They do say he contemplates a new and thoroughly original drama, called the "Clouds."

I am not speaking of Mr. Marsden's venture. I allude to that of "Aristophanes," a gentleman who died in Greece some time ago. If Mr. Boucicault does write this new work, and if spirits in the other world have cognizance of what is going on here, "Aristophanes" stands a fair chance to suffer for all the ills he committed in the flesh.

LONGFELLOW.

Green-Room Gossip.

Theodore Thomas has not yet grown tired of Cincinnati.

Ella le Tour is going on a tour with "Baba" Hoop is Tour.

Pearl Etinge's new dress for "Spell Bound," at Wallack's, cost \$470.

Lotta is playing in "La Cigale" and "Zip" at the Grand Opera House, Cincinnati.

Texas Jack is in the Oil Regions. His business is not so good as it was. He wants some new plays.

Miss Jessie Alden is engaged for the "Sorcerer" at the Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia, opening February 24th.

Miss Henrietta Irving will play *Sarah Graham*, in Steele Mackaye's new drama, "Through the Dark," at the Fifth Avenue Theatre.

The season at the New Park Theatre, Brooklyn, will close with the engagement of Miss Ada Cavendish, the first week in March.

Mapleton has made a successful tour of the country and expresses himself satisfied with the result. He comes here to-day, (Monday.)

Von Stawitz has saved Joaquin Miller's attempt from total annihilation at the Grand Opera House by her superb acting. Why can't some one of our authors write her a play.

"Engaged" at the Park Theatre, is a decided success, and will undoubtedly have a run. We never saw the suave and genial Abbey look so happy and handsome as on the first night.

The energetic Cazauran, who has already excited the jealousy of Boucicault, has just completed an original play, entitled "The Lost Children," which will succeed the "Banker's Daughter."

It is the fashion to invite school children to matinees. Pillet & Mackever started it at the Bowery, in "Nathan Hale," and now Harkins is doing it at the Fifth Avenue. The east end sets the fashions.

The Brooklyn Park Theatre was occupied last week by Katy Mayhew and "Miss" "Mother and Son" was played at the Brooklyn Academy, February 21st and 22nd, by the Union Square Company.

We are glad to note the recovery of the fascinating Louise Pomeroy. The railroad on which she met with the accident which so long deprived the public of her presence, should be sued for millions.

The Jane Coombs Combination is meeting with great success in the west and south, playing only the standard drama. The local press is loud in praise of Miss Coombs and of Miss Ada Gaddis, who has been playing the chief supporting parts.

The Kellogg Opera Company closed at the Boston Theatre on the 18th. Their season there was very successful. This was Boucicault in the "Shaughraun." Sardou's "Madame Fortier" follows. The "Little Duke" has made a hit at the Museum.

Mr. Al. Henriquez, the business manager of the celebrated actor Mr. W. J. Fleming, has obtained a date at the Bowery for Mr. Fleming's famous play, "Custer's Avenger." This is good news for the Bowery. Fleming is the boy to wake them up.

Barney Williams, the genial and kind-hearted actor and gentleman, has had a monument erected to him in Greenwood, near Battle avenue. It is of polished granite, and contains a bust of the deceased player. Many an old friend will be pleased to hear this.

Mr. Henry H. Marks has been invited to deliver his lecture, "The American Press," in Boston, Philadelphia and Cincinnati. It proved such a success here that he will certainly have to devote two hours a day to acknowledging invitations to repeat it.

The Mapleton Opera Company occupied the Baltimore Academy of Music, February 19th, 20th, 21st and 22nd. Lawrence Barrett played a round of characters at Ford's Theatre last week, and enjoyed the rivalry of Fechter, who did the same thing at the Holliday Street Theatre.

Miss Marie Prescott, of the California Theatre, San Francisco, will undoubtedly succeed Miss Jessie De Forest as the leading lady next season. She is certainly one of the most deserving young actresses on the stage, and well merits the praise she has won since her appearance two years ago.

A well-known actress was one night lately playing *Ophelia* in "Hamlet." Suddenly the ghost walked on the stage and carried her off. Removing his helmet she found it was her husband, from whom she had run away. He had followed her and thus secured his revenge by frightening her half to death.

The effect of pistol shots on the human body are as peculiar as they are varied. No sooner did Oofy Goofy recognize the fact that he still loved the erratic Mrs. Hooper, than he set to work writing poetry. We wonder what would be the effect if some one discharged his revolver at our city editor?

Mr. Alouin Blum, who made such a success with the German Opera Companies of the past season, and who went to Germany last summer, was reported to have been impressed into King William's service. This has been authoritatively denied. Mr. Blum and his charming wife are enjoying an extended honeymoon on the Rhine.

The following has been received by the editor of this department:

"New York, February 17.

"DEAR SIR:—Many thanks for your kindness. My picture in your last issue is one of the best I have ever had in any paper.

Respectfully yours,

"325 East 14th street. AUGUSTA SOHLKE."

VICE'S VARIETIES.

In Crawford county, Ga., on the 20th, John Humber waylaid E. M. Roberson, while he was riding on horseback and shot a load of buck-shot into his breast, killing him almost instantly. Humber fled. He claims that Roberson called his wife a liar.

At Omaha, Neb., on the 17th, Joseph Puhl, aged fifty years, was convicted of committing rape upon a girl eight years old. He had also seduced her sister, who had become the mother of a child in consequence. Both girls are daughters of a respectable citizen, and the case has excited considerable interest.

Louis Sihler, a well-known young man of Evansville, Ind., proprietor of a concert saloon, was convicted on the 16th, of larceny and sentenced to two years in the penitentiary for robbing a drunken man in his saloon of \$900. His accomplice was acquitted, and the verdict is the talk of the town. The jury was out forty hours.

At Troy, Ohio, on the night of the 15th, a shooting affray took place between Sid. Stewart and Hen. Wilkinson, both colored, in which Stewart was shot, the ball striking him in the face, passing around and lodging in the back of his neck. It is thought Stewart cannot recover. Wilkinson, who did the shooting, was arrested and lodged in jail.

The trial of Rev. William Yates, a Baptist preacher, at Sublette, Lee county, Ill., for indecent proposal to a young lady member of his flock, which had been held with closed doors, by a jury of preachers, terminated on the 17th in the elder's acquittal, of course. A large number of witnesses were examined, and a good deal of bad blood stirred up. Elder Yates will preach as an independent preacher.

Patrick Scanlon, a laborer, entered a lodging house at 17 Hudson street, on the 20th, and quarreled with the proprietor, Alphonse Venette. Scanlon was thrown down stairs and badly injured about the spine, besides having three of his ribs broken. He was removed in an ambulance to the Chambers street Hospital, and Venette was arrested and committed to the Tombs Prison, without bail, to await the result of Scanlon's injuries.

The body of a respectable young man was found on Friday, the 14th, near Damascus, O., with a bullet wound in the region of the heart, passing out at the back. He was seen in the neighborhood a few days before, apparently in a sober and sane state. He is supposed to have been travelling west. There was nothing found on the body to lead to identity. Four cents, some tobacco and a large revolver were found on him. The people of Damascus had a photograph taken of the corpse and gave it a decent burial.

At Peoria, Ill., on the night of the 15th, a gang of roughs made a raid on a house of ill-fame known as Lincoln Park, with the intention of "going through" it. Part of them succeeded in gaining an entrance, when the door was fastened by the inmates, and those outside were refused admittance, whereupon they threatened to burn the house, while those inside were smashing things generally. One of the party inside threatened to take the life of one of the inmates, and a general row took place. Revolvers were drawn and fired, resulting in the shooting of Louis Green, John Flinn and two others whose names are unknown. The police arrived and succeeded in arresting nine of the party. The wounded men were taken away by their friends, and are supposed to be secreted in the city. The men arrested are hard characters.

Mrs. Catherine Mount, a handsome woman of thirty years, wife of James Mount, of Eagleville, Wells county, Ind., to whom she was married eight years ago. They have no children. She has always borne a good reputation, but on Friday, 14th, she created a profound sensation by filing an affidavit charging one Daniel Jones, with her seduction. Jones had been employed by her husband for some time, and boarded in their house. A few days since Mr. Mount left his wife through jealousy of Jones, and shortly afterward Jones went to Fort Wayne. Mrs. Mount claims that she was led astray by Jones while under the influence of drugs which were conveyed to her by him in raisins and confectioneries, which he lavished upon her. Jones was arrested and taken to Eagleville for examination, but the officers learned of the preparations being made at Eagleville to lynch him and postponed their departure. He declares himself innocent. Mr. and Mrs. Mount stand high at Eagleville, where intense excitement prevails over the affair.

On the night of the 17th John McLean, quondam Methodist preacher, and the most notorious bigamist ever known outside of Utah, was arrested. McLean, up to that date, had married nineteen times, all his partners being alive. It seems that he has made a business of going from state to state, marrying in almost every community in which he found himself. Requirements have been issued by almost every state south, asking for the delivery of McLean to officers to be sent from these respective states. He might be still at large but for kidnapping a child of his last victim, a widow, Mrs. Bettie W. Fullerton, of Lynchburg, Va. He lodged the child in the recesses of Walnut Mountain, a barren, desolate place, about thirty miles from Asheville, N. C. The mother of the child went to that place on the 17th, accompanied by a United States Deputy Marshal, and visited the cavern, where they found the child almost starved to death. A warrant was at once obtained for the arrest of McLean and placed in the hands of the proper officer, who started in pursuit. His man was found at Marion, McDowell county, and committed to jail. McLean is about fifty years old, and exceedingly prepossessing in manners.

In the Criminal Court at Chicago, Ill., on the 17th, State's Attorney Mills announced that the prosecution was ready to proceed with the trial of the murderers of Officer Race. In reply Colonel Vanaman, who appears for Johnny Lamb, said that he had been informed that the State's Attorney would introduce the evidence of the associate defendant with Lamb, "Sheeneen George," against him. This, he said, was a new and dangerous feature in the case. The Colonel desired at least a few moments to prepare an affidavit. The announcement created quite a sensation. So far the police have been entirely at sea regarding the matter, and every line of evidence against "Sheeneen George" and Johnny Lamb has been purely circumstantial. The attorney for Lamb insists upon a postponement of proceedings for a short time, on the ground that he was unprepared for the squeal. The Court finally postponed the case for one week. The probabilities now are that "Sheeneen George" will make a clean breast of the whole matter, how and where the Jaffrey burglary was planned, who planned it, and who shot the police officer.

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In a miserable shanty adjacent to the Southern Railroad, half a mile from the village of Bay Shore, L. I., lived



DARING HIGHWAY ROBBERY IN DAYLIGHT.—MRS. DE BARY, ATTACKED ON FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY, BY AN AUDACIOUS RUFFIAN, WHO WRENCHES A VALUABLE DIAMOND FROM HER EAR AND MAKES HIS ESCAPE.—SEE PAGE 11.



OFFICER CROMIE ATTEMPTS TO INTERRUPT THE CLANDESTINE MEETING OF TWO LOVERS, AT THE INSTIGATION OF THE YOUNG LADY'S FATHER AND RECEIVES AN ACTIVE DEMONSTRATION OF FEMININE INDIGNATION FROM THE IRATE DAMSEL, NEW YORK CITY.—SEE PAGE 11.